Sixties' Drug Activist TIM LEARY Interviewed

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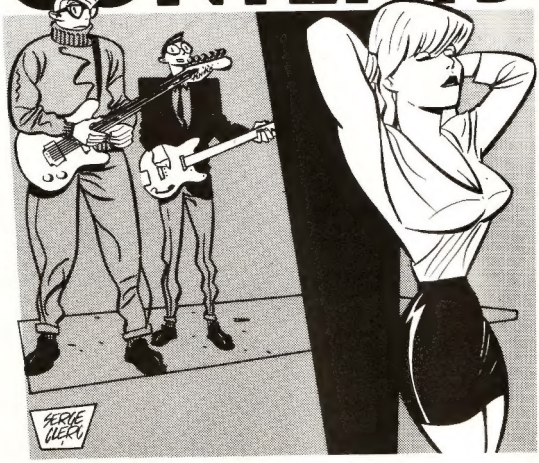

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DOSSIER

"Film should move the way relationships do—at first, you hone in on a person, then you get to see them in a more whole and objective way."

D.A. Pennebaker at the crossroads of life.
Photo by Robin Holland.

REALING AND ROCKING

It's not at all odd that both Dylan and Bowie have resurfaced at the same time—Bowie is theatrical, professional, chiseled, angelic-but-demonic, and, finally, unfathomable. Dylan is rough, raw, tortured, soulful, demonic-but-angelic in his spirituality—and again, completely unfathomable. Perhaps what can't be known about them is what has helped the two bring rock music closer to high culture than anyone else has. What is real is so inconsistent it can't be known. Their work represents the organic/chaotic process of the unfolding depths of personality. That may sound nostalgically Zen and sixties, but no other rock musicians have ever been taken so seriously.

Filmmaker **D.A. Pennebaker** has managed to fathom them both in two impossibly intimate/objective film portraits—and both, coincidentally, will be rereleased this fall: ***Don't Look Back***, the documentary of Dylan's 1965 English tour (the movie played to packed houses, too, in 1967), and ***Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars***, a 1973 documentary of a halcyon Bowie/Ziggy tour. (It was rereleased for a showing at Cannes this year, and caused a big stir.)

Pennebaker also made the best rock concert film ever: the 1968 ***Monterey Pop***, which brought the remaining rock icons, Joplin and Hendrix, to public fruition. Pennebaker's art parallels that of the personalities he's unclothed; he's single-handedly brought rock filmmaking closer to an artform. What makes his eye so special is that he doesn't have one. He has no process but process itself. He has no preconceived film—no script, no plot, no nothing. He just shoots.

The fifty-six year old "Penney" (he will not be called anything else) stumbled into filmmaking after a stint as a Yale-trained electrical engineer. He made documentaries for Time, Inc. in the late fifties, and got caught up in the tide of a movement called "cinema verité," in which one covered a story as it happened —a new thing, prior to TV-consciousness. In 1964, Pennebaker went into business with friend Richard Leacock to make and distribute their own films. My recent talk with "Penney" leads me to believe his process of making music films is still the same and the best—unfathomable. The films are completely inconsistent, and very real—all the more interesting in contrast to the glitz of most rock films and videos.

—Merle Ginsberg

HM: How do you get these incredible egos—Dylan, Bowie, etc.—to not-act for the camera?

DAP: You don't think about it that way. A feature director would work that way—"How should I make 'em seem natural?" I don't give a fuck what they want to do. If they don't want to be natural, it's *their* problem. You can't tell them anything—if you direct them, you're lost. If you get somebody who's doing something in their life that they think is important, they can't think what I do is much more important. I say to them, "Okay, I just want to film," and I never ask any questions. If I asked Dylan, "Why'd you change your name from Bob Zimmerman to Bob Dylan?" it would be madness. He'd turn right off.

HM: Is this filming by mishap? Is this an organic method? Is this Zen?

DAP: Maybe. It's a little like treasure hunting—you're going out to hunt the unicorn, something fragile. If you find it, you're entitled to film it. If you fuck it up—well, that's it. You've constantly got to understand what you've found. You can't misuse it. I'm looking to entertain people, not to proselytize. I don't have any special insights into Dylan; I can't explain him very well. I can tell you what happened. You could make the judgments as well as I can. If Henry Fonda narrated a piece on water supply, people assumed he was an authority on the subject. People assume what's in print and in the movies is the truth. You've got to get away from structure because people believe it. You do that with bad lighting, hand-held cameras; you can't make the process more important than the person. The person is the process. You never say, "That take was good, but let's do a better one."

HM: Do you think the most interesting thing in the world is somebody's personality?

DAP: Sure. Absolutely. The most fantastic thing in the world is falling in love. With your work, or a person, or a place. And it may only last five seconds or your lifetime—there's constantly danger and adventure there. That's what excites me; that's why anything scripted bores me. That's why sports are so interesting—people are always fighting all the forces up against them. Sports are just a metaphor.

HM: Your process of nonprocess seems deliberate and a reaction against structures—but it also sounds like you just wanted to see what would happen in specific scenarios.

DAP: It's more the latter. It's easier to risk things with a camera than with your life.

HM: That's the opposite of anything anyone knows about filmmaking.

DAP: Maybe that's 'cause I never studied filmmaking. I never thought there were any rules. What I learned was from painting and poetry, and people who were rule-breakers. Filmmaking itself is mostly a business.

HM: You seem to fight against that.

DAP: I do. There's too much money involved. People have

Bob Dylan before he found Jesus and became serious.

D.A. Pennebaker gets ready to shoot the cigarette out of Dylan's mouth during the filming of *Don't Look Back*.

obeyed the rules set up by films that are big investments. Some films are made just so some guy can get a job. People say to me, "You're lighting looks different." Well, there is no lighting.

HM: Don't you make any decisions, or conscious choices?

DAP: *Don't Look Back* is edited chronologically. So's *Ziggy*, really. In *Ziggy*, the first shot of Bowie is the first close-up I did of him. That was the first time I ever looked at him. You make a lot of decisions about a face the first time you see it. First looks are remembered. That's not foolish—eyesight can do a lot of work for you; you recognize people with whom you'd be sympathetic. After the initial close-ups, I seem—and this is sort of unconscious—to work away from the zoom lens, the telephoto lens; till at the end of the film, I'm working almost entirely with a wide-angle lens. Film goes through the personality process. That's the way it should move, the way relationships do—at first, you hone in on a person, then you get to see them in a more whole and objective way.

HM: Sounds very natural.

DAP: It is. I never tried to understand it too much. People should do things, and not care what anyone thinks. I think I still have a lot of the habits I had when I was a writer—I couldn't really write, but I loved doing it.

HM: Your films have a literary sense.

DAP: My father was a successful photographer, and I never wanted to be one. The idea of pointing a camera at things seemed like the most boring thing in the world. Shooting film has to be a throwaway process. And the process of editing is the process of writing.

HM: I hear *Ziggy* went over really big at Cannes.

DAP: Yeah, it's changed a little bit. We remixed it. It's in stereo.

HM: How did you get hooked up with Bowie?

DAP: Same way I got hooked up with Dylan—their managers just called me up, out of nowhere. With the *Ziggy* film, I got to England on a Friday night, and we shot the Sunday performance. If you work with the right people, it's like a bank job—you come out saying, "Look what I've got! What'd you get?"

HM: Are you some sort of artistic anarchist?

DAP: No. I'm bent on getting the jewels, not on smashing them to bits after I've gotten them. I love working with good people. But I don't believe in hierarchy—if you've got a director, the cameraman is always trying to please him, not do what he thinks is best.

HM: How did you get so involved with the music world? Because of its energy?

DAP: That's a good reason, but not *the* reason. I just love music. I bought records with my allowance as a kid, and I've got 4500 45's at home now. I went to college, got a job, started a business, tried painting and writing. Luckily, I fell into film, and then it became all I cared about. I wanted to make films, I knew, but I didn't want to film anything in particular. Then I remembered music. The first film I made was a five-minute piece to Ellington music. It's *about* music. All the films I've made have a musical feeling—closer to music than film, than documentary. It's a complex structure, with hills and valleys—everything I do sets up the possibility of what I can do next, but there's still the element of surprise. That's very musical. In film, there's only one rule—never be obvious. In music, it's the same. The ideal thing in film is to get a person where they're looking at a perfectly black screen with nothing on it—black leader—and they see something there; they're meeting you halfway. In a couple of films, I cut to black leader. I want people to populate my films.

HM: The way you handle time in your films is very musical.

DAP: Yeah, the up and down thing. Time moves so fast on a film, it keeps you honest. The perfect picture is just not going to happen. Prettiness bothers me a little in film—I distrust prettiness. In pictures, it's too easily arrived at—that's obviousness. What sunset would you turn away from your beloved to look at? It's the wrong direction for the human mind to go in, decoration.

HM: You shot twenty hours of Dylan footage for *Don't Look Back*. Where's the stuff we haven't seen?

DAP: In vaults. I could sell it as stock footage, but I have no interest. All the right people to see it are dead. Like Edie (Sedgwick). I shot a lot of film with Edie, did you know that? She was around my studio a lot. She was so smart and so stupid about her life. I told her if she wanted to be a rocket, she couldn't be anything else. She knew that, but she was completely devoted to acting her life out—that's what makes this kind of filming possible. The camera is the least of it.

HM: You seem compelled to document what you do.

DAP: Yeah. You know, Dylan's

"In film there's only one rule: never be obvious."

scene in 1965 was like Byron's in Pisa at the height of his notoriety. I'd love to have been able to film what went on there. Dylan has an incredible spiritual reserve. The only way for me to look at his scene was to film it.

HM: You work with your family; your son runs the business, your wife is a film editor. Is that to enhance the personal qualities of the films?

DAP: It's a little goofy. I don't want some business manager coming in, so I do a lot of that kind of work. I don't have to be a filmmaker one hundred percent of the time—a quarter of the time is enough. I don't have contracts with my wife and son. The only way that works is joint custody. I refuse to sign deals to preclude arguments—we only agree to start a film. If we disagree or something, we fucking disagree. Disagreeing makes things happen.

HM: You seem rather egoless.

DAP: No, not completely—my ego is like a musician's. Whatever he does is only part of a piece, but it can still be fucking marvelous.

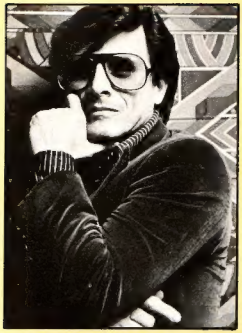
HATCHETING HARLAN

This news just in on our publishing hotline: Ace Books is reissuing the collected works of former *enfant terrible* **Harlan Ellison**, in a matched set of paperbacks with snazzy-jazzy new covers by Barclay Shaw (see June *HM* cover). Alas, the graphics are the freshest thing about this series—retrograde writing that promises to make a splash in the publishing world as big as that made by Linda Lovelace's autobiographical tearjerker, *Ordeal!*

Harlan Ellison was an sf wunderkind who faded from prominence in the mid-seventies after publishing a last stab at respectability—*Deathbird Stories* (1975). In a twenty-seven year career, Ellison has written only one novel of any particular note—the flawed ***Web of the City*** (1958)—and gained a certain infamy with teenagers throughout the sixties by writing schlocky sf featuring sadly-misunderstood heroes, a flashy melodramatic style, girls with big tits, and gratuitous use of cliches to establish his premises.

The Ellison oeuvre covered in this series—the literary equiv-

"Does Ellison's ego really demand that even the weakest of his earlier works reappear in print?"



Harlan Ellison. No short jokes, please.
Photo by Michael J. Elderman Photoworks.

alent of refried beans—begins with the vintage 1961 ***Gentleman Junkie and Other Stories of the Hung-Up Generation*** (note: for those unsure, "The Hung-Up Generation" is an archaic term referring to teenagers who lived with linoleum and without Grandmaster Flash). In many ways this was Ellison's most painful book, since it clearly showed the promise he failed to realize. You see, Ellison was capable of telling a good story, setting a vivid scene, writing dialogue with the occasional ring of truth —but somewhere along the line he failed to integrate these skills and write fiction that really worked.

The book's best story remains "Gentleman Junkie," which, ironically, also pinpoints the tendencies that were to later overpower Ellison. The middle-class ethical thrashings of a New York shrink "on the Jones" are here chronicled in the pan-

Loving John
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by May Pang and Henry Edwards

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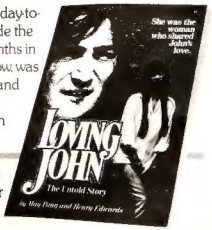

"Sizzling... Beatles fans will love the details... [the] friendships with other Beatles, Elton John, Mick Jagger, David Bowie, Phil Spector, Harry Nilsson, etc...."—Liz Smith, syndicated columnist

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dering, overblown style that was to become an Ellison trademark. The shrink twists and jerks his way through this dreadful piece with "skin crawling," "belly heaving," "fear licking at his spine," and (I just *love* this one) "the hobnailed boots of the moon stepping on the exposed grey of his brain," before he's allowed to score some drugs and lapse into tired sermonizing about physicians healing thyselves.

Further flounderings are exemplified in ***Love Ain't Nothing But Sex Misspelled*** (1968), where sixteen "poisoned arrows" on the subject of modern romance are revealed in all their horror as the puerile stuff wet dreams are made of—wet dreams of the sixties, anyway (we're talking ankle-strap wedgies and giggly chicks in miniskirts here). As far as I can tell, there's no "best" story to this collection; just one moldy oldie after another, from a sexist middle-aged-writer-meets-eighteen-year-old-twinkle-twat-and-looks-on-with-hardened-cynicism yarn, to a rehashed *Sgt. Rock* tale about some G.I. slogging through an underground labyrinth filled with scary pre-conscious images (very *Jungian*, if you know what I mean). The only successful image this collection evokes, though, is one of the Great Writer hammering away at his typewriter, turning a sow's ear into a sow's ear.

But don't go away, fans! There's much, much more to this Ellison wonderland, including ***Partners in Wonder*** (1971), little more than first drafts for some pretty nifty sf collaborations with some of the field's greater writers; the unforgettable ***I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream*** (1967); another volume of slipshod and manipulative stories called ***Paingod and Other Delusions*** (1965); and two volumes of journalistic pap about forgotten television called ***The Glass Teat*** (1970), and—surprise!—***The Other Glass Teat*** (1975). Twelve books in all.

Which leaves us with these questions: can shrill hysteria, faulty characterization, and dated sexual innuendo win over an audience that is fully twenty years more sophisticated than the first time some of these works appeared? Does Ellison's ego really demand that even the weakest of his earlier works reappear in print? And more to the point, does Harlan Ellison have any life left?

—Gus Patukas

"Tell them there is no Jay Ward!"

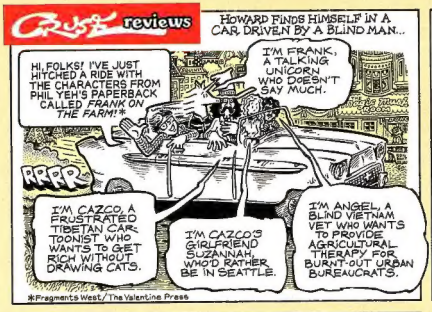
MOOSE APPEAL

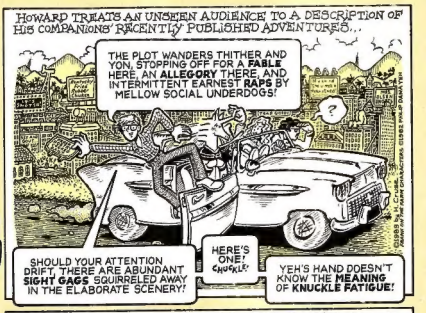
Fan mail from some flounder?

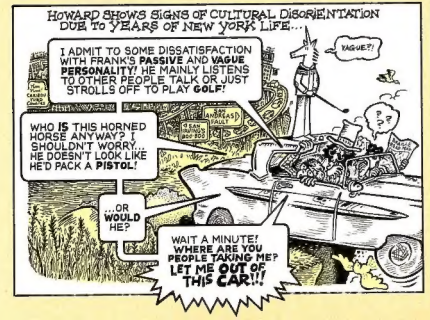
No, here's something *really* important . . . the world's most famous moose and squirrel are back, stars of an RCA Videodisc anthology commemorating their twenty-fifth birthday. Now you don't have to get up at an ungodly hour on Sunday mornings to catch the funniest, most durable cartoons in TV history: ***Bullwinkle & Rocky & Friends*** (Volume One) conveniently compiles classics like the twelve-episode "Wossemotta U" football saga, and the first installments of "Dudley Do-Right" and "(Mr.) Peabody's Improbable History."

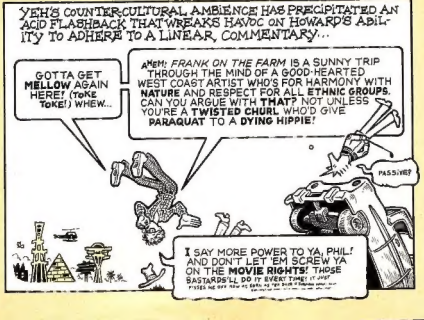
However, tracking down the man behind the moose—creator/producer **Jay Ward**—for a little of his own history proves to be a more improbable prospect. It's certainly not because his studio is inaccessible; in fact, it's practically an L.A. landmark. Just 'round the curve on Sunset Boulevard that separates Hollywood and Beverly Hills, there stands Rocky and Bullwinkle, bigger than life and looking slightly worse for the wear. Jayne Mansfield cracked a ceremonial bottle of champagne over the twenty-foot statue during the height of their popularity in the early sixties, and today they stand guard over the cottage industry of Jay Ward Productions.

A sign on the front office door bears the following legend: "If locked, please knock loudly to summon elves in rear," a quaint reminder of the gentle, sometimes corny humor that underscores the wild parody of Ward's comedy style. Inside, there's a clutter of pencil sketches, animation cels, and curios, including a


CRUSE reviews
HOWARD FINDS HIMSELF IN A CAR DRIVEN BY A BLIND MAN...
HI, FOLKS! I'VE JUST HITCHED A RIDE WITH THE CHARACTERS FROM PHIL YEH'S PAPERBACK CALLED FRANK ON THE FARM!*
I'M FRANK, A TALKING UNICORN WHO DOESN'T SAY MUCH.
I'M CAZCO, A FRUSTRATED TIBETAN CARTOONIST WHO WANTS TO GET RICH WITHOUT DRAWING CATS.
I'M CAZCO'S GIRLFRIEND SUZANNAH, WHO'D RATHER BE IN SEATTLE.
I'M ANGEL, A BLIND VIETNAMESE VET WHO WANTS TO PROVIDE AGRICULTURAL THERAPY FOR BURNT-OUT URBAN BUREAUCRATS.
*Fragments West/The Valentine Press


HOWARD TREATS AN UNSEEN AUDIENCE TO A DESCRIPTION OF HIS COMPANIONS' RECENTLY PUBLISHED ADVENTURES...
THE PLOT WANDERS THITHER AND YON, STOPPING OFF FOR A FABLE HERE, AN ALLEGORY THERE AND INTERMITTENT EARNEST RAPS BY MELLOW SOCIAL UNDERDOGS!
SHOULD YOUR ATTENTION DRIFT, THERE ARE ABUNDANT SIGHT GAGS SQUIRRELED AWAY IN THE ELABORATE SCENERY!
HERE'S ONE! CHUCKLE!
YEH'S HAND DOESN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF KNUCKLE FATIGUE!


HOWARD SHOWS SIGNS OF CULTURAL DISORIENTATION DUE TO YEARS OF NEW YORK LIFE...
I ADMIT TO SOME DISSATISFACTION WITH FRANK'S PASSIVE AND VAGUE PERSONALITY! HE MAINLY LISTENS TO OTHER PEOPLE, TALK OR JUST STROLLS OFF TO PLAY GOLF!
VAGUE?
WHO IS THIS HORNED HORSE ANYWAY? I SHOULDN'T WORRY. HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'D PACK A PISTOL!
...OR WOULD HE?
WAIT A MINUTE! WHERE ARE YOU PEOPLE TAKING ME? LET ME OUT OF THIS CAR!!!


YEH'S COUNTER-CULTURAL AMBIENCE HAS PRECIPITATED AN ACID FLASHBACK THAT WREAKS HAVOC ON HOWARD'S ABILITY TO ADHERE TO A LINEAR COMMENTARY...
GOTTA GET MELLOW AGAIN HERE! (TOKE TOKE!) WHEW...
AHEM! FRANK ON THE FARM IS A SUNNY TRIP THROUGH THE MIND OF A GOOD-HEARTED WEST COAST ARTIST WHO'S FOR HARMONY WITH NATURE AND RESPECT FOR ALL ETHNIC GROUPS. CAN YOU ARGUE WITH THAT? NOT UNLESS YOU'RE A TWISTED CHURL WHO'D GIVE PARAQUAT TO A DYING HIPPIE!
PASSIVE?
I SAY MORE POWER TO YA, PHIL! AND DON'T LET 'EM SCREW YA ON THE MOVIE RIGHTS! THOSE BASTARDS'LL DO IT EVERY TIME!

The Jay Ward pantheon: Rocky, Bullwinkle, Boris, and Natasha.

"Fun, Jay Ward style, is rigging up a dummy for his daughter's wedding with a continuous tape that says, 'Hi, I'm Jay. Thank you for coming. Please move on down the line.' "

statuette of the fearless leader, naked as a Jay Bird. A handlebar-mustachioed man with an incredible likeness to the aforementioned knick-knack shakes my hand and is out the door before I realize who he is.

"Jay doesn't do interviews," explains "surviving" Rocky & Bullwinkle director Bill Hurtz. "His stock answer to requests is, 'Tell them there is no Jay Ward!' It's not because he's shy or excessively modest, it's because, to him, interviews just aren't fun.'

Fun, Jay Ward-style, is rigging up a dummy for his daughter's wedding with a continuous tape that says "Hi, I'm Jay. Thank you for coming. Please move on down the line." Or crashing the White House gates with a sound truck in order to petition statehood for Moosylvania.

So, Hurtz, a jolly Kris Kringle type, obligingly plays meet-the-press, illuminating the origins of TV cartoonery while detailing Ward history. "Jay and Alex Anderson started out on "Crusader Rabbit," which was the first animated show made specifically for TV—not a theatrical cartoon that happened to be shown on TV. Alex was a nephew of Paul Terry (Terrytoons) and had an idea to start an animation studio up in Berkeley shortly after the war. At that time, Jay was in real estate, and Alex was in commercial art. They got Grim Natwick, 'the oldest living animator,' and recruited others from United Productions of America (UPA).

"UPA was made up of a group of Disney strikers, and during the war they made instructional films. We were scattered by WWII; a number of us were together at Fort Roach (Hal Roach's studio, and birthplace of the Little Rascals) where our company commander was Ronald Reagan, a dashing figure and a Roosevelt-ian Democrat. Lots of artists, writers, and directors—myself included—moonlighted at UPA after the war, and it became the first studio to do contemporary cartoons (Mr. Magoo).

"We all used to race home from UPA to see "Crusader Rabbit" at 5:15 (it was only five minutes long) and thought, 'This Ward guy's pretty funny.' But when he and Anderson got a contract for daily episodes from NBC, they were undercapitalized, and ended up losing the show to other producers."

After "recovering from their wounds" for a couple of years, Ward and Anderson created Bullwinkle Moose (from the name of a Berkeley used-car dealer), and Rocket J. Squirrel, who were very close in concept to Crusader Rabbit and Rags the Tiger. Ward put together a pilot and found a sponsor in General Mills, then joined forces with former Fort Roach apprentice Bill Scott, who became chief writer and the voice of Bullwinkle.

"Rocky and Bullwinkle was one of the first 'runaway' productions—almost all of it was animated in Mexico City," Hurtz continues. "I was hired to go down there and take care of quality control. Of course, the Mexican animators didn't speak English, so we had recordings of the soundtrack and Spanish phonetics on the track readings (frame-by-frame breakdowns that are used to shape the mouths of the speaking characters). And they did pretty well, despite their limitations."

Though the boss's first criterion for hiring artists—"do they draw funny?"—was universally satisfied, at times the Ward characters—most notably Dudley Do-Right's Nell—approached grotesque caricature. Segments like "Fractured Fairy Tales" and "Aesop and Son—which didn't rely on continuing characters—allowed a greater opportunity for adventuresome visuals; and the bold, naughty-greeting-card graphics that sometimes resulted are unique in the history of animation. Ward's love of silent movies (which climaxed in "Fractured Flickers," a clever collage of old movie clips hosted by Hans Conried) surfaces in "Rocky & Bullwinkle"'s cliffhanger serialization, and "Dudley Do-Right"'s title cards and irised scene changes. Puns, parodies, and caricatures of famous names and places made even the oldest material seem incredibly hip. Some of the spoofery did not go unnoticed; although Walt Disney never reacted to the episode in which he was featured ("Sleeping Beautyland"), Red Skelton insisted that Bullwinkle was a rip-off of his now barely remembered Clem Cadiddlehopper, and "Candid Camera" co-host Derwood Kirby was miffed by Bullwinkle's participation as a contestant in the Kirwood Derby.

Vocal characterizations were, perhaps, the program's most distinctive and inimitable feature, and recording sessions were, by all accounts, hysterical. "Paul Frees (Boris Badenov)," Hurtz recalls, "used to reach underneath Bill Conrad's script and set it on fire while he was trying to race through the narration. Conrad went on to play that hefty, deep-voiced TV detective, 'Cannon,' but we always tried to get him to speed things up—like Walter Winchell—because the scripts were always over-long, but also because it created a marvelous atmosphere of suppressed excitement." Veteran actors like Hans Conried (Snidely Whiplash), Charlie Ruggles, and Edward Everett Horton (narrator of "Fractured Fairy Tales") rounded out a cast that was crowned by June Foray (Rocky, Natasha, Nell, and now Smurfette), long-heralded as the "queen of animated voices."

"Rocky & Bullwinkle" first aired in October 1959, and was moved the following season to prime time, preceding "Walt Disney." After a third season, despite its success, General Mills decided that they had enough good material to recycle for future generations of cereal-eating kids. While syndicators handled subsequent reruns, Ward Productions contracted with Quaker Oats to produce fully-animated commercials for munchies like Quake and Cap'n Crunch (at about ten times the average budget for the Bullwinkle cartoons). In 1967 Ward produced the short-lived "George of the Jungle" show for ABC, which featured episodes of "Tom Slick," and "Superchicken." But it's the Quakers that've kept the studio busy—several proposed projects never got past the discussion stage, because "Jay won't do anybody else's characters."

Then again, he hardly needs to. "Rocky & Bullwinkle" is a cultural institution—so much so that even a Moscow TV documentary cited the program's depiction of "those two heels without souls," Boris and Natasha, as potent anti-Soviet propaganda.

RCA promises a second videodisc in early 1984, which will feature two eight-parters, "The Three Mooseketeers," and "Goof Gas Attack," and a generous assortment of Dudleys, Peabodys, Aesops, and Fractured Fairy Tales, totalling two hours. Devoted fans are directed to Mrs. Ward's **Dudley Do-Right Emporium**, a former hamburger stand on the Ward "lot" that was rescued from boisterous bikers in 1971. It offers a full line of memorabilia from wristwatches to baby wear, including hand-painted animation cels, all detailed in a catalog available from: 8218 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, CA 90046.

—David Keeps

"I think *Octopussy* is a better film than *For Your Eyes Only*—we weren't rushed from one scene to another in planning and executing."

PUSSY TALK

John Glen (not the astronaut) is a British film director whose high-flying stunts in the last four James Bond films have earned him accolades. Glen *is* the man who saved Bond from stupidity and mediocrity—dropping the idiot gags in favor of non-stop action and wild situations. His stunt direction and editing—the snow scenes in ***On Her Majesty's Secret Service***, the ski jump chase in ***The Spy Who Loved Me***, the free-fall in ***Moonraker***, and his direction of ***For Your Eyes Only*** and ***Octopussy***—put him in the same league as earlier Bond directors Guy Hamilton and Terence Young in their primes (1962-65).

But who *is* John Glen? He's a nice guy, but also an expert craftsman with forty years experience in the British film industry. Starting as a cutter on Carol Reed's *The Third Man*, he later became a sound editor, and finally a director for British telly-vision, most notably on *Danger Man*, a.k.a. *Secret Agent* (with Patrick McGoohan, another candidate for Bondage). An offer from Peter Hunt, director of 1969's *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (with forgotten 007 George Lazenby) led Glen to second unit work on *The Sea Wolves*, *The Wild Geese*, and the aforementioned Bonders. I caught up with Glen at his modest suite at the Plaza during the promo tour for *Octopussy*.

—Tom Sciacca

HM: Have you deliberately brought the Bond films back to the original concepts?

JG: That's right. We did this in *For Your Eyes Only* purposefully to get back to that style. The actual intention was to put all the emphasis, to spend our money on the action, rather than lavish sets, spaceships, or push-button technology. To get back to real people, good motives, good characterizations . . . .

HM: Are you an Ian Fleming fan?

JG: Well, I'm versed in Fleming. For instance, I think *Goldfinger* was a fantastically written book. And the short story *For Your Eyes Only* was based on is a wonderfully written short story. I'm a great admirer of Fleming. I've stuck as closely as I could.

HM: In *Octopussy*, one of the most harrowing, exciting shots was when Bond becomes Superman, hanging on that plane . . . .

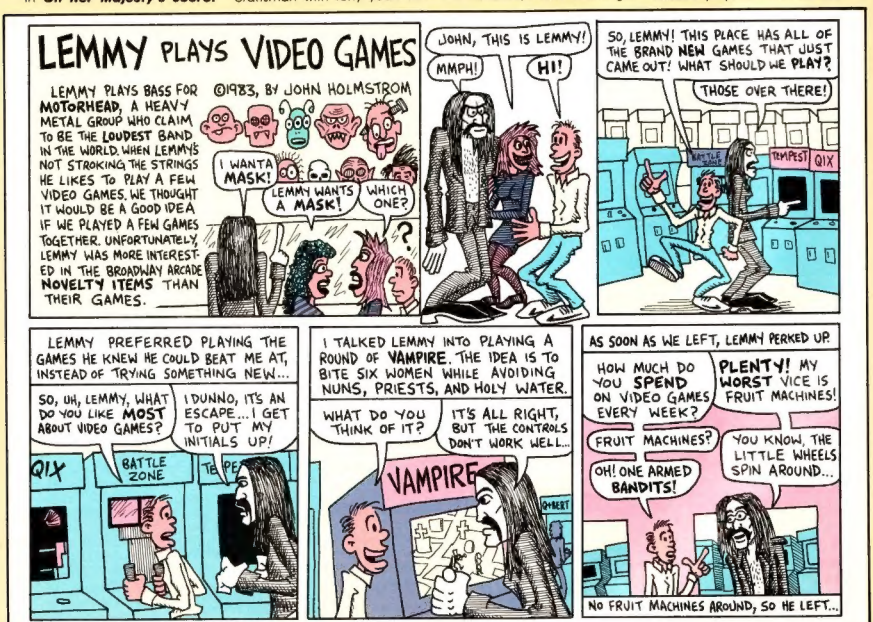
JG: That's a funny story. The same guys I used on *Moonraker* had a reel where they walked on a plane in the air. They were so good at it, that (producer) Cubby (Broccoli) asked them to make it look more difficult!

HM: The audience really goes nuts during the pre-title sequence with the Acro-Jet.

JG: That six-minute scene packs in more action than most features do. It was originally written for *Moonraker*, where Bond and the girl escape from Drax's headquarters. It was dropped later, and we eventually used it for *Octopussy*.

HM: One of *Octopussy*'s best fights is the one in the bedroom, where Bond fights from room to room, finally falling into the lake.

JG: Yes, that was difficult to film. The Indian actor playing the main protagonist—who was on the balcony with the bladed yo-yo—fell off the bal-


LEMMY PLAYS VIDEO GAMES
LEMMY PLAYS BASS FOR MOTORHEAD, A HEAVY METAL GROUP WHO CLAIM TO BE THE LOUDEST BAND IN THE WORLD. WHEN LEMMY'S NOT STROKING THE STRINGS HE LIKES TO PLAY A FEW VIDEO GAMES. WE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF WE PLAYED A FEW GAMES TOGETHER. UNFORTUNATELY, LEMMY WAS MORE INTERESTED IN THE BROADWAY ARCADE NOVELTY ITEMS THAN THEIR GAMES.
©1983, BY JOHN HOLMSTROM
I WANTA MASK!
LEMMY WANTS A MASK!
WHICH ONE?
JOHN, THIS IS LEMMY!
MMPH!
HI!
SO, LEMMY! THIS PLACE HAS ALL OF THE BRAND NEW GAMES THAT JUST CAME OUT! WHAT SHOULD WE PLAY?
THOSE OVER THERE!
BATTLE ZONE
TEMPEST
QIX
LEMMY PREFERRED PLAYING THE GAMES HE KNEW HE COULD BEAT ME AT, INSTEAD OF TRYING SOMETHING NEW...
SO, UH, LEMMY, WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT VIDEO GAMES?
I DUNNO, IT'S AN ESCAPE... I GET TO PUT MY INITIALS UP!
QIX
BATTLE ZONE
I TALKED LEMMY INTO PLAYING A ROUND OF VAMPIRE. THE IDEA IS TO BITE SIX WOMEN WHILE AVOIDING NUNS, PRIESTS, AND HOLY WATER.
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?
IT'S ALL RIGHT, BUT THE CONTROLS DON'T WORK WELL...
VAMPIRE
QUEST
AS SOON AS WE LEFT, LEMMY PERKED UP.
HOW MUCH DO YOU SPEND ON VIDEO GAMES EVERY WEEK?
PLENTY! MY WORST VICE IS FRUIT MACHINES!
FRUIT MACHINES?
YOU KNOW, THE LITTLE WHEELS SPIN AROUND...
OH! ONE ARMED BANDITS!
NO FRUIT MACHINES AROUND, SO HE LEFT...

cony on the first day of shooting, breaking both his arms. From then on it was very difficult, because we had to find a double quickly and be ingenious setting up the shots. A week later he came back for pick-ups, big plaster casts around his arms.

HM: Is it hard not to repeat yourself in terms of action or story?

JG: I think we always try to be fairly original. It's easy to fall into a hack way of doing things. We're a team who've worked on many Bonds together, and we have a great memory of what we did on the early ones—but we hate to repeat ourselves. The whole thing, really, is a throwaway technique—you don't hang on something to savor it, just move on. For instance, where Bond slides down the banister with the machine gun, he sees the pineapple at the end and shoots it off—that's a laugh on top of a laugh. Give the audience more—purposely cut it short rather than saying, "Look how clever we've been." I think this one's a better film than *For Your Eyes Only*; in terms of pre-production, we weren't rushed from one scene to another in planning and executing.

HM: Was location shooting in India tough?

JG: It was tough, but good value for us. The scenes in the street bazaar were a nightmare, as you can well imagine. Let's face it—the bureaucracy in India was founded by the British, so to get permission to do anything takes forever. Our first experience in a government office—we passed a communications room and saw it filled with six feet of paper spewing from three teletype machines. No one was about.

Roger Moore and John Glen on the set of *Octopussy*.

"We're a team who've worked on many Bond films together—but we hate to repeat ourselves."

HM: What about Roger Moore? After ten years, he finally seems to be gaining acceptance as Bond.

JG: Well, almost when he's due to retire he's been accepted. That's the way of life, isn't it? I think it's partly because we've tailored the scripts to Roger's personality and gotten away from Sean. I'm sure now if we were ready to go with a new actor we'd do the same thing and change the style of the films.

HM: Will Moore do another one?

JG: Yes, I think so. I believe we've gotten into the swing of things with Roger, and would like to continue the process.

HM: Next will be *From a View to a Kill*, from the Fleming short story. Why?

JG: Even though we have the options on the new books (written by John Gardner), we feel there's still mileage left in the Fleming originals, if only just titles and pieces of novels. After that we could go back and make *Octopussy II*.

HM: How abut remaking the old films?

JG: It's a thought that's occurred to us more recently, thinking five or six years ahead. There's no reason why we can't go back to those stories and bring them up to date. It's difficult to replace the gimmicks—like the periscope in *From Russia with Love*—so you'd have to be careful and make it all new, because there wouldn't be any surprise in the old gags.

HM: Which one would you like to remake?

JG: I think *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*—my favorite because it was the first I worked on. There's a lot you could do with that one. *Dr. No* would be good, and I'm sure *From Russia* could stand remaking. Again, it would be difficult to replace those early situations, because they're the groundwork of the series.

HM: Well, *Thunderball* is being remade with Sean Connery.

JG: Yes, well, we're not touching that one.

HM: Any thoughts about other projects?

JG: Between Bonds I'd like to do a comedy with Roger—we work so well together. As to the next Bond . . . we have a title and a good situation with the short story—a spy ring in France, the motorcycle courier disappears, the flower in the field hiding the microphone. I'd like to get George MacDonald Fraser again for the script—I like his sense of humor. The action will be as good, if not better, than before. We'll continue the trend of getting back to the real Bond.

NAHALLYWOOD

Walter Hill is one of the few truly *outrageous* directors left in Hollywood . . . and it's taken most people a decade or so to figure that out.

While other, more flamboyant personalities have made careers for themselves touting styleless exercises in widescreen pap, Hill's quietly-produced body of work has consistently offered audiences audacious portraits of isolation, old-fashioned heroism, and dark humor.

As a screenwriter in the early 1970s, Hill penned a number of movies honoring the hero as a determined oddball; most notably ***Hickey and Boggs, The Getaway, The Thief Who Came to Dinner*** and ***The Mackintosh Man***. He co-wrote the intriguing ***The Drowning Pool*** and had an uncredited hand in making ***Alien***'s script something more than another "the monster is eating my feet, Phil" tale.

As a director/writer, he has managed to inject new life into the time-worn "buddy" formula, often presenting his heroes, initially, as anachronisms—men so out of step with the times that they're on the verge of being declared an endangered species. By movie's end, however, these same walking artifacts triumph over seemingly insurmountable odds, proving their old-fashioned code of honor workable indeed.

Some of his best work went all but ignored by critics. ***Hard Times*** offered Charles Bronson a chance to portray a two-fisted knight of the boxing arena. ***The Driver*** was an almost existential trip into high-speed *film noir*, featuring Ryan O'Neal as a hapless crook relentlessly pursued by a deranged cop (Bruce Dern—were you really expecting someone else?).

The Warriors—despite a bad rap from outraged moral leaders who feared that street toughs would invade their Moose Halls after catching it—was a meticulously choreographed, incredibly stylized look at rival gangs and their codes of ethics.

The Long Riders caught the last breaths of western outlaws and ***Southern Comfort*** presented an unbearably claustrophobic update of *The Most Dangerous Game* with confused

National Guardsmen the target of some Cajun cut-ups.

Up until last year, Hill had earned himself a small but loyal following at the box office. His "cult" status was shattered by the phenomenal success of his biggest buddy flick to date, ***48 HRS.***, wherein Eddie Murphy and Nick Nolte portrayed the sleezoid equivalent of *The Odd Couple*.

Now, Hill is busily at work on what could be one of the biggest films of *next* year: ***Streets of Fire***. Like most of Hill's films, the plot of *Streets* is outwardly simplistic and, again as before, its simplicity is deceiving.

Set in an unnamed time and place, *Streets of Fire* portrays an America in ruin. Cities are fragmented into fortress-like districts, run by both decent folk and five-o'clock-shadowed gangs. Chaos reigns.

Streets' hero, Tom Cody (Michael Paré) is an iron-jawed drifter (remember *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly*?) who is called back to his slum/city by big sister Vera (Deborah Van Valkenburgh) to rescue kidnapped local-girl-turned-pop-star (and Cody's ex-girlfriend) Ellen Aim (Diane Lane). Accompanied by Ellen's obnoxious manager/boyfriend, Billy Fish (Rick Moranis) and a feisty female soldier of fortune, McCoy (Amy Madigan), our mangy Menelaus splits to fetch his stretch-pants encased Helen of Troy. The ensuing adventure offers a few caustic comments on heroism, the law, romance, revenge, and the music biz.

What makes *Streets of Fire* even *more* off-the-wall than its potpourri plot is its physical look. Its seemingly post-nuke America resembles a slice of *West Side Story* gone to seed. Scuzzy cityscapes are populated by characters who look like they were caught in a time warp, mid-1956. Fifties-vintage cars dot the roadways, and Cody himself seems like he'd feel pretty comfortable rearranging Glenn Ford's face in *The Blackboard Jungle*.

Hill, in a delightfully executed bit of insanity, has taken the Universal Studios' six-block New York street set, trashed it, and then covered it with a massive tarp. In other words, he's encased his outdoor set in a pitch-black big top . . . assuring his dystopia the look of perpetual night.

Sitting in the middle of the dank, burnt-out boarded-up set, Hill is the picture of contentment. If there is anything, uh, *weird* about this movie, he is blissfully unaware of it. In fact, the bizarre mixture of elements strikes him as being quite normal.

"It's a rock 'n' roll fantasy-adventure-comedy," he deadpans as a 1950s convertible roars past a mylar-coated Diane Lane. "All my movies start with the characters. I was very much interested in the concept of Cody. We wanted to tell a story about a young man on the edge of juvenile delinquency who turns into a hero.

"I think we probably started this as an attempt to create a format where I could film a western without it being a *real* western. Westerns are hard to get made. It's even harder to find an audience for them. I tried to come up with a setting where I could use a lot of dramatic concepts that work *great* in westerns.

"That's tricky. You can't try that in a contemporary film because people won't buy it. But place it in a fantasy setting that's both recognizable yet foreign, and it clicks."

Walter Hill lurks.
Photo by Stephen Vaughan.

Hill motions towards the mutated Manhattan set. Michael Paré, as Cody, has just knocked half a dozen goons through the window of his sister's diner. Sis is appreciative.

"I've had people call this a futuristic spaghetti western," says Hill, "but that's not really accurate. It isn't set in any determined time so it's not futuristic. It's a fantasy. And, unlike the Clint Eastwood character, our hero has a name and a history. The narrative line, though, is basically a western. Villains do terrible things and have to be beaten by the hero."

Hill smiles pleasantly. The nasty thug vs. hero routine was the basis of *48 HRS.*, a smash film which proved the turning point in his career. Unlike past films that took months to get off the ground, *Streets of Fire* was sold to Universal in *3 days* . . . thanks to *48 HRS.*' success. Hill takes his sudden bankability in stride.

"One doesn't work in motion pictures without having a well-developed sense of irony," he shrugs. "My films have all been reasonably commercial but they've never been blockbusters. I had no idea *48 HRS.* would be that big a hit. I also had no idea *Southern Comfort* wouldn't be more of a success.

"*48 HRS.*' status hasn't changed the way I make a movie. What I've got more of on this picture is money. ($14 million) What I've got less of is people giving me advice on what to do. That doesn't affect me, though. I've been lucky. I've always made movies I liked."

Hill is pretty notorious in Hollywood as a director/writer who constantly tinkers with the script *during* shooting. "I don't think I've ever changed what a scene is about once we've started shooting. I just try to come up with new ways to see the same thing or show it; ways not indicated in the script. You try to come up with character traits that fit the actors.

"You use colloquialisms, physical gestures, whatever. Things that fit. I quite often change the dialogue between the first and last shot. That's unusual in the sense that it doesn't ideally cut together, but I can always figure out a way around that. It sure keeps a scene *fresh*, though.

"I don't think you make movies as much as discover them. If you accept the idea that a movie is a voyage of discovery, then you're constantly surprised by what you find along the way. You usually wind up in the harbor you intended to finish in, but you may be at a different dock than you expected."

Typical of Hill's quirky technique is the origin of the guy-girl buddy team in *Streets*. Originally, Amy Madigan's mercenary was intended to be a greaser kinda guy named Mendez. In the finished film, however, McCoy is all woman . . . and all hero. She never sleeps with Cody, either.

"I can't take much credit for that innovation," Hill says. "Again, I just take these changes with a smile. Amy came in to read for another role. She suddenly said 'I'd love to play Mendez.' I thought she was joking. But, the more I thought about it, the more I liked it. It was taking a standard character combination and making it a little off-center. I thought, 'Well, let's try it.'"

Off-center is one way of describing Hill's general cinematic approach. He usually takes a well-recognized situation, and then gives it a wild enough spin to keep audiences both interested and off-guard.

"I've never seen an original movie," he insists. "I have seen very well executed, new combinations of known elements, though. Films are connected, like literature. Take Cody. Is he a traditional movie hero? Yes. Have you seen a character like him in a situaton identical to this before? I *hope* not!"

Hill is called onto the set for a shot. Within a week's time he will stage a car chase, a rescue from a burning building, several brawls, and an old-fashioned western showdown.

"It's a lot of things you've seen before in a way you've *never* seen before," star Paré says between takes, as Hill supervises the construction of a man-made rainstorm.

Within minutes, torrential rains douse the darkened streets. "What surprises me most about my life," Hill confides, "is that I've actually gotten to do this for a living. I love it. All I want people to say about me is that I entertain people and tell stories reasonably well."

Hill gives the battered New York cityscape one last look before wandering off on a break. In six months time, he'll be back on this very same set which, by then, will be transformed into a slick and shiny, almost art-deco exterior for Hill's latest reworking of a familiar theme . . . the movie version of ***Dick Tracy***.

"Will *that* be off-center as well?" Hill only chuckles as he disappears into his *Streets of Fire*.

Ask a silly question . . .

In The Works: What's a teenage girl to do when she's a real wolf on dates . . . literally? The answer can be found in ***Company of Wolves***, a werewolf thriller to be filmed in England with makeup by *The Elephant Man's* Chris Tucker . . . more on **Walter Hill**'s ***Streets of Fire***. If the first flick clicks, expect two more visits from fantasy/hero Cody: ***The Far City*** and ***Cody's Return***. Also, Hill's ***Dick***

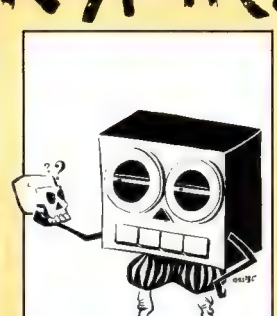
Tracy will feature some of the comic strip's most infamous villains united in a plot against the hawk-nosed copper . . . A stop-motion of ***Godzilla*** is in the works in Canada. That figures . . . Add this to your list of 3-D films: ***Escape from Beyond*** . . . currently being planned: ***The Hideous Sun Demon—The Special Edition***, a comic reworking of the original film which, as you recall, was pretty hilarious to begin with . . . ***Two of a Kind*** is the title of the **Olivia Newton-John/John Travolta** fantasy-comedy being filmed at Fox . . . And, yes, 3-in-1 oil fans, there will be a ***Mad Max III*** (or ***Road Warrior II***, depending on your geographical status). **George Miller**, who directed the first two Maxercises, will only handle the action sequences on this epic with a second director working on the drama. If all goes well with the script, Max will ride before the cameras down under next spring.

—Ed Naha

CRYPTICA

Colonel Sander's Secret Recipe • There is a new weapon being used to combat the hazards of air travel. The chicken. In an effort to cut down the number of collisions between planes and the seagulls that feed on a nearby dump, Langley Air Force Base researchers have developed the "chicken gun": a twenty-foot long cannon that shoots a dead four-pound chicken at speeds up to 700 miles an hour. By firing chickens into test-plane engines, windshields, and landing gear, an approximation can be made of how much damage a bird-bashing can cause—to the plane, that is. The chicken gun is being used on civilian airliners as well. Watch for claims by Pentagon officials that this is a new form of air defense resulting from budget cutbacks.

A Wing and a Prayer • It is as if you got into your Dodge Dart to go for a drive, and by the time you got out, your car had transformed itself into a Rolls Royce. This is the equivalent of what aviation engineering is about to do with military aircraft, starting with the wings. Up to now, airplanes have used hinged flaps and spoilers on wings to deal with changes in speed and attitude. This autumn NASA will test fly a jet that changes the shape of its wings during flight—or "mission adaptive" in quaint militarese. They'll be made of flexible glass fiber that will be bent and curved by computer-controlled internal jacks. If developed to its intended potential, the aircraft's whole body will be able to bulge, curve, and reshape like Silly Putty in mid-air to confuse enemy radar. Or it could mean that in the year 2000 you'll drive off in your Dodge Dart and land in your F-16 without moving from your seat



Aras, Poor R2-D2 • One of the great social ills of industrialized society—computer and robot unemployment—is slowly being rectified. Two areas of work long monopolized by humans—acting and sushi bartending—are the lastest to be targeted by the forces of cybernetic affirmative action. The common movie technique of redubbing in the studio lines originally recorded during a shooting, has one drawback: synchronization. The actor must repeat the lines until they fit the original lip motions shot on the set. Now a machine called Wordlink will do it for you. Just say the words, and the computer will compensate for the time differences between the two recordings. The next step is to do away with actors' voices altogether. Once some flesh and blood lackey runs through the dumb physical bits, gesticulating and mouthing on camera, the *true* artiste—i.e. the computer—will take over. Much more cheaply and efficiently than a human, the computer will access the required language from its memory, and with just the right accent of despair and sadness, it will say: "To be, or not to be."

• At a sushi restaurant outside Tokyo, customers can now order from computerized menu boards that look like video games set into the counter. Customers indicate the desired items on the menu with a light pen, and the order flashes up on a screen in front of the sushi-tender. But that's just the beginning. Another company has introduced sushi robots to roll the rice. Pretty soon there'll be sushi cybernauts that prepare your meal while reciting Shakespeare in Japanese to the rhythm of your chewing teeth.

—Meilk Kaylan

Dr. Disc • Grind a gramophone record into powder and apply it to a snake bite, and you're cured. Or you're crazy. That's what English scientist Wilson Mayne thought when the cook at an African coffee plantation used this local cure. The cook got better, but Mayne was no fool. He figured the bite wasn't lethal in the first place, and the whole thing was a native superstition. Forty years later, in 1980, while reading a book about Indonesian natives, Mayne stumbled across exactly the same remedy—"powdered 78 rpm record, a well-known local cure for snake bite, probably because it has a caustic effect and burns off the surrounding skin and flesh." This time the snake was definitely of the lethal variety, but the patient recovered. The mystery remains unsolved

Smoke Sucking • With repressive new laws closing many head shops around the country, fanatic weed-woofers are turning to home-made gadgets. One such device—gaining wide popularity because of its ingenious simplicity—is the Life Savers pipe. It works like this: first, buy one tube of Life Savers. Stick a little round filter or screen in the middle without breaking the pack apart and reseal with tape. This prevents bits of weed from getting into the smoker's mouth. Poke a hole in the foil at one end and apply lips. Open the silver paper at the other end, push in the controlled substance to be consumed, and light. The most commonly preferred flavor is mint, partly because you get mentholated marijuana, and partly because other flavors are goo ier and stickier. This technique also acts as a great disguise, but you'd better prepare a believable explanation of why you're smoking a pack of Life Savers.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! THE SUB-EXPRESS FOR THE ISLANDS WILL DEPART FROM GATE SEVEN IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. FIRST STOP: LAMPEDUSA.
PLEASE HAVE YOUR MONEY OR TICKETS READY.
RAP
HEY!
WHAT THE
OW
SKRUNNNN
MONEY! I NEED MONEY FOR MY TICKET!
AFTER SPENDING THE EVENING WITH LUBNA'S FRIEND, RANX WAS OFF TO SEE IF HE COULD FIND HIS BELOVED IN PALERMO.
RANXEROX
TNT
YAAARGH!

JEEEZ, I DIDN'T KNOW THAT
SO HE SAID TO ME, "TAKE YOUR CLOTHES AND GET OUT!"
NO!
STOP IT, RAUL! CAN'T YOU WAIT UNTIL WE'RE ALONE?
LOOK AT ALL OF THESE PEOPLE!
WHAT? I CAN'T HEAR YOU.
WHAT A GROUP OF TURKEYS! TALK, TALK, TALK... THAT'S ALL THEY DO. THEY DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ME IN THE HOSPITAL. DOESN'T INTEREST YOU NEITHER, HUH? BASTARD!
NO MATTER. I'M GOING TO TELL YOU WHAT THEY DID ANYWAY! THEY KEPT ME IN FOR SIX MONTHS—DIDN'T TOUCH ME THE WHOLE TIME—AND THEN THEY OPERATED ON MY HEAD! DID YOU HEAR ME? MY HEAD! AND THEY ATTACKED MY PENIS! MY PENIS, I TELL YOU!
SHUT UP, YOU JERK!
THEY OPENED IT UP LIKE A SAUSAGE.
MOVE!
THEY RUINED ME, AND YOU DON'T GIVE A DAMN! NO ONE WANTS TO LISTEN TO MY TROUBLES! BUT HOW ABOUT THIS, ASSHOLES? DOES THIS GET YOUR ATTENTION?
?!!!

RATTA RATTA TAT-TA
WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY? HUH! I HAD TO GET THE CROWD'S ATTENTION!
TAT TA RAT
MY GOD! SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING!
HELP! HELP!
SHUT UP, LADY. I DON'T LIKE IT WHEN PEOPLE CROSS ME!
RATTA
ARGH!
TAT-TA
LUBNA, MY LOVE!

HOURS LATER...
WE'RE ARRIVING!
LAMPEDUSA AHEAD! THREE MINUTES TO LAMPEDUSA!
PHEW! FORTUNATELY, WE GOT THAT PSYCHO! DID YOU HEAR HOW HE SCREAMED LIKE A BABY WHEN THEY CARRIED HIM AWAY?
YES, THANK GOD YOU WERE THERE, DOCTOR.
WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE! WHAT'S HE UP TO?
RANXEROX!

PHIL!
HOW ARE YOU, RANIX? I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN A LONG TIME! YOU DESTROYED MY PROFILE, BUT I DON'T HOLD A GRUDGE! I DESERVED IT!
COME HAVE A DRINK WITH ME! YOU DRINK, DON'T YOU? AT LEAST ACT LIKE YOU DO TO PLEASE ME! AND LUBNA? ARE YOU TWO STILL IN LOVE? TELL ME EVERYTHING!
A LITTLE LATER
HMMM... WHAT A MESS! BUT I THINK I CAN HELP YOU OUT!
HEP! WILL YOU LEND ME YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR TEN MINUTES?
MARTINI?
YEAH!
HUH? HMMM. YES. YES.
I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND WHO KNOWS EVERYONE HERE!
SHIT!
I FEEL WORSE!
AAMFORYLE!
NO!
NO!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
BASTARD!...
...YOU THREW UP ON MY MAGAZINE!
HEY, GREG,! IS ROMEO AROUND?
YEAH, PHIL! HE'S IN THE BACK!
STILL TRYING TO TACKLE THE ARM OF STEEL, EH, ROMEO? HEY.. ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME? I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE.
YEAH, WHO?
A LITTLE BRUNETTE GIRL SHE'S ABOUT EIGHTEEN... WEARS A PONYTAIL... NAME'S LUBNA. SHE'S MY FRIEND'S OLD LADY
STOK
50

YEAH, I KNOW WHERE SHE IS. BUT IF YOUR FRIEND WANTS HER, HE'S GOT TO BEAT ME AT THE ARM OF STEEL.
UHHH!
I DON'T HAVE TIME TO PLAY GAMES WITH YOU, YOU PIECE OF LARD! TAKE ME TO LUBNA NOW!
OH.. ALRIGHT. IF YOU'RE IN THAT MUCH OF A HURRY, WE'LL TAKE THE CAR.
A FEW MILES LATER..
WELL, HERE WE ARE--THIS IS THE PLACE.
IT'S THE PROPERTY OF MISTER VOLARE. HE OWNS TWO THIRDS OF LAMPEDUSA. HE USED TO BE A SINGER... HE WAS VERY BIG AT ONE TIME. NOW HE'S THE HEAD-HONCHO OF A MULTI-NATIONAL MUSIC CORPORATION. ALL OF THIS IS TO FOREWARN YOU. WELL, THE GIRL'S IN THERE... SEE YOU LATER!

TO BE CONTINUED..

IT'S AN **ALL NEW** COMPILATION OF FANTASTIC STORIES!
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JUNE 2050
...THE SIXTH MONTH OF EARTH'S ANTIQUATED ROMAN CALENDAR. THE YEAR 2050 AND THE END IS NEAR.
SINCE THE BEGINNING OF RECORDED TIME MEN HAVE TRIED TO PREDICT THE END, AND ALL WERE WRONG.
IT COMES WITH A WHIMPER, NOT WITH A BANG. IT CAME IN SILENTLY ON A STIFF WINTER WIND.
IT CAME IN QUICKLY AND IT LINGERS, AND IT IS CONTAGIOUS.
DEPARTMENT OF
INFESTATION
TECHNOLOGY HAS ADVANCED FAR BEYOND ANY EXPECTATIONS. WORLD HUNGER AND DISEASE ARE NEARLY EXTINGUISHED.
THEY'VE CURED NEARLY ALL ...UNFORTUNATELY, THEY FORGOT ABOUT A SMALL NUMBER OF INFECTIOUS VIRUSES...
SNIFF...
...WHICH ATTACK THE MUCOUS MEMBRANES. CORYZA...
JERRY BINGHAM
PA---CHOOO !!
...ALIAS THE COMMON COLD.
©1983 JERRY BINGHAM

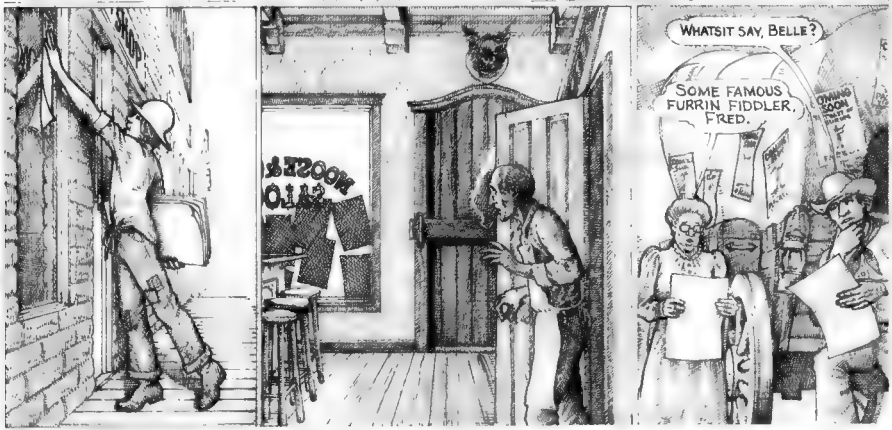
HERE LIES THE OLD CLAIM JUMPER ?-1850 HIS DYIN' WERE HARD AN' HE DESERVED IT
NOW LEMME SEE... WHERE'D I PUT THAT THING?
HERE IT IS!
RUSTLE
CRASH
CRUNCH
CLANG
AH YES. I REMEMBER WELL THE ENDLESS HOURS OF PRACTICE, THE SCREECHING SAW OF BOW UPON STRING, MY MOTHER'S FIRM,... SHALL WE SAY... ENCOURAGEMENT
LITTLE DID SHE KNOW THAT THE VIOLIN IS THE INSTRUMENT OF THE DEVIL.
SQUAWK!

TEX★ARCANA

Meets the Toast of Europe! Part One

IT IS JUST AFTER DAYBREAK AND THE PEOPLE OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS ARE ABOUT TO BE TREATED TO AN ONSLAUGHT OF ENTREPRENEURIAL FERVOR HERETOFORE UNKNOWN IN THIS SLEEPY COMMUNITY....

©1983 John Findley



COMING SOON

The Toast of Europe!

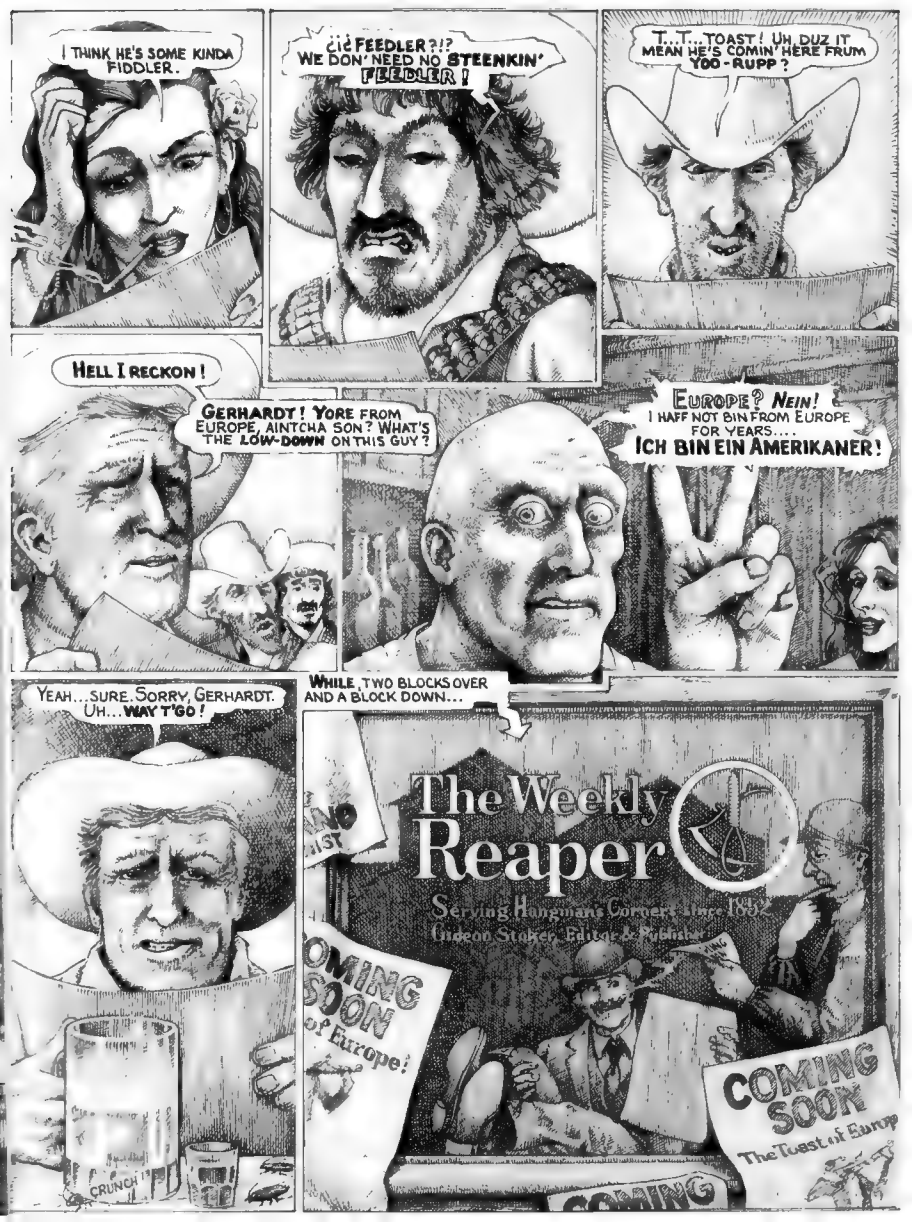
NUNZIO PAGANO

VIOLINIST

NOW, WHERE TH' HELL'D THESE THINGS COME FROM?
COMING SOON
IT'S TH' HAVERSTRAW KID, SHERIFF. HE'S BEEN SLAPPIN' 'EM UP ALL OVER TOWN.
SLAPPED ONE ON OL' POP KLINGER.
COMING SOON
PAGANO
SHEE-IT! DURN' IF I'D LAY OUT HARD EARNED MONEY T'SEE A FIDDLIN' SISSY!
AN' A IMPORTED SISSY, AT THAT!
THE MISSUS AIN'T GONNA GIMME A MINUTE'S PEACE.
WELL...HELL! MEL, THAT STUFF'S FER WIMMIN, ANYHOW. AIN'T IT?
I DUNNO, MICK. WE COULD ALL OF US USE A LITTLE MORE CULTURE.
LORD KNOWS THEY NEED SOMETHIN' T'TAKE THEIR MINDS OFF COOKIN', CLEANIN' AN' KIDS. RIGHT, DOC?
OLD
DOC'S RIGHT. I MEAN... DA-UMN! THERE SHORE AIN'T NUTHIN' ELSE T'DO AROUN' HERE!
IT'S BETTER'N JUS' SITTIN' AROUN' WATCHIN' ROAD APPLES DRY OUT.
IT SAYS HE'S TH' TOAST O' EUROPE.
(SIGH)
THE TOAST, EH? WELL, NOT MEANIN' T' BUTTER YA UP, BUT WE AIN'T AS WELL BRED AS YOU ARE.
EASY, YOU DON'T WANTA GIT IN A JAM WITH SAMANTHA.
SHE'S UPPER CRUST

WELL, I WOULDN'T MISS IT.... HOW 'BOUT YOU, BILL?
I'LL GO WITH YA, Doc! C'MON, BILL... OKAY?
DON'T HAFTA WORRY NONE ABOUT ME GOIN'...
...THAT THERE FANCY FIDDLEFEST IS BEIN' HELD RIGHT HERE...
...AT TH' NOOSE AN' GIBBET SALOON.
HE RENTED TH' PLACE BY TELEGRAM TWO, THREE DAYS AGO.
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN:
YES?
TELEGRAM FER YOU, WIDOW BURNS.
AND OVER AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE:
SHUCKS, SHERIFF, THIS HERE LI'L VARMINT ON A BURRO TOL' ME FER EVERY ONE AH PUT UP AH'D GIT A NICKEL.
GOL'DERN, SHERIFF! I'D DO IT FER THAT!
TELLIN' YA, KID, WE JUS' CAIN'T HAVE YA CLUTTERIN' UP THE TOWN WITH THESE THINGS.
AH A'READY MADE TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAHS.
LORD GOD!
COMING SOON
COMING SOON
00/wk.
No
inkers
mbiers
axophone
players

WHEN'RE YA DUE T'GET PAID FER HANGIN' THESE HERE THINGS UP, KID?
SAID HE'D BE BACK THROUGH TOWN TOMORROW AN' HE'D PAY ME THEN.
KID, I... I'M OBLIGED T' FINE YA FER THIS.
EASY, SHERIFF. THE HAVERSTRAWS BIN DIRT POOR ALL THEIR LIVES.
DAMMIT, DEPUTY, BACK OFF AN' LET ME HANDLE THIS!
SHERIFF, PUH-LEAZ! AH NEED TH' MONEY 'R PA'LL LOSE TH' PLACE AN, AN' WE'LL HAFTA GO BACK T'ALABAMA!
LORD HELP!
OH, GOD!
NOT THAT!
DO SOMETHIN', SHERIFF!
YA'LL JUST BE QUIET A SECON'! JEEZ! LISTEN, KID. OKAY, YOU KIN STICK THESE DAMN THINGS UP WHEREVER. BUT COME DAY AFTER T'MORROW I'M FININ' YOU A NICKEL FER EVERY ONE THAT'S STILL UP.
AND, UH... TH' TOWN'S PR'PARED T'PAY YA TWO CENTS FER EVERY ONE YA TAKE DOWN.
HERE YA GO.
AT THE SAME MOMENT, DOWN THE STREET AT MARIA CONQUESO'S PLACE:...
COMING SOON
COMING SOON


I THINK HE'S SOME KINDA FIDDLER.
¿¿FEEDLER?!? WE DON' NEED NO STEENKIN' FEEDLER!
T..T...TOAST! UH DUZ IT MEAN HE'S COMIN' HERE FRUM YOO-RUPP?
HELL I RECKON!
GERHARDT! YORE FROM EUROPE, AINTCHA SON? WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN ON THIS GUY?
EUROPE? NEIN! I HAFF NOT BIN FROM EUROPE FOR YEARS.... ICH BIN EIN AMERIKANER!
YEAH...SURE. SORRY, GERHARDT. UH...WAY T'GO!
CRUNCH
WHILE, TWO BLOCKS OVER AND A BLOCK DOWN...
The Weekly Reaper
Serving Hangman's Corners Since 1862
Gideon Stoker, Editor & Publisher
COMING SOON of Europe!
COMING SOON The Toast of Europe

YA KNOW, HOWARD, THERE JUST MIGHT BE SOME KINDA STORY HERE.
ER, UH... YEAH! I KIN SEE TH' HEADLINES NOW...
... Local Boy Blankets Town with Leaflets...
...Hunderds BAFFLED!
OH HELL NO! DAMMIT, HOWIE, WHAT'S BECOME O'YER BRAIN?!
No... I MEAN THIS PAGANO GUY.
WHO IS HE? WHAT MAKES HIM SO GREAT? WHEN'S HE GETTIN' HERE? WHERE'S HE COMIN' FROM? AN' WHY?
THINK I'LL MOSEY OVER TO TH' TELEGRAPH OFFICE.
BETTER HURRY, GID. 'PEARS LIKE IT'S FIXIN' T'COME UP A HELLUVA STORM OUT THERE.
The Weekly Reaper
Serving Hamptons Carriers Since 1822
Gideon Stoker, Editor & Publisher
COMING SOON
coast of Eur

...OUT THERE...
FINALLY, MANY MILES TO THE WEST...
Y'KNOW ANYBODY THAT FIXES THESE THINGS?
Gewisslīċe, Lārēow, ne cann iċ.
COMING SOON...
(NEXT MONTH)
...THE TOAST OF EUROPE!
SCRATCH SCRATCH!
FREAKS MUSICAL

IMAGE
© J. JONES 1983
I SAW A CAVEMAN TODAY.
I ASKED HIM IF HE EVER DREAMED IN BLACK AND WHITE.
HE SAID, "WHY WOULD I DO THAT?"
I GUESS IT HASN'T BEEN INVENTED YET.
HE SAID, "WHAT'S BLACK AND WHITE?"
I DREAMED ONCE ABOUT A CLEAN ZEBRA.
© 1983 JEFFREY JONES

Lolla
MARCELE

AH! A RENDEZVOUS IS SO EXCITING!
ALL THE SAME... I WOULD REALLY LIKE TO KNOW WITH WHOM I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS!
WELL... WE'LL SEE!
SO, DEAR, YOU ARE MEETING SOMEONE BUT... WHO?
YES, WITH WHOM DO YOU HAVE A RENDEZVOUS?
HEHEHEHE... PERHAPS WITH A PRETTY GIRL? HEHEHE!
HAHA! HAHAHA!
HUH?
AND WHAT IF SHE DOESN'T COME?

HO HO! EVIL ONE!
HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HI! HI! HI!
HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HA! HA!
FILTHY BEASTS!
WHAT VULGARITY!
XII I II III IV V VI VII VIII IX X XI
XII I II III IV V VI
COME ON! COME ON!
OUTTA HERE!

BUT... BU... I HAVE A MEETING WITH...
THE TIME HAS COME AND GONE... NO ONE ELSE WILL SHOW UP.. COME BACK TOMORROW!
COME BACK TOMORROW? TO-MORROW? I HAVE OTHER THINGS TO DO WITH MY PRECIOUS TIME!
BAH! NO MATTER! NO ONE WILL BE COMING TONIGHT!
VERY WELL, BUT WHERE SHOULD I SPEND THE EVENING?
SIR! MADAME! EXCUSE ME!
DO YOU KNOW WHERE I COULD SPEND THE NIGHT?

OH, NO! WE ARE VERY HAPPY WITH EACH OTHER! WHY SHOULD WE BOTHER WITH OTHER PEOPLE WHO ONLY POSE PROBLEMS AND QUESTIONS... LIKE YOU!
SORRY, DON'T YOU KNOW, BUT WE HAVEN'T A CLUE.
HMMM... WHAT ODD PEOPLE LET ME ASK SOMEONE ELSE
EXCUSE ME, BUT DO YOU KNOW OF A HOTEL AROUND HERE?
OH! HMMM! WE DON'T KNOW! WE ARE VERY HAPPY WITH EACH OTHER WHY.
YES, I KNOW. YOU ONLY TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER. "DON'T YOU KNOW..."
LET'S SEE WHERE THIS LEADS.
SHIT! I SEEM TO BE ON MY WAY OUT OF THE CITY! I'M COMPLETELY LOST. AND THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO ASK.

MIGHT AS WELL GO UP!
?

MADEMOISELLE! EXCUSE ME. DO YOU KNOW OF A HOTEL...!?!
TALKING TO HER IS FOR-BIDDEN!
FORBIDDEN! FORBIDDEN!
OH.. I DIDN'T KNOW
NOW YOU KNOW!
WELL, CAN I LOOK AT HER... JUST LOOK?
OOOH! IF YOU WANT!

GOOD. THAT'S ENOUGH NOW.
SHE IS BEAUTIFUL, NOT
HUHZ AH, YES! SHE IS BEAUTIFUL!
YOU AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO UNDERSTAND HER

AH YOU, TOO? YOU HAVE STUDIED HER ALSO?
YES. I WAS HERE ALL NIGHT.
BUT WHO IS SHE?
THEY CALL HER LOLLA. YOU'RE NOT FROM AROUND HERE, THEN?
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
IT'S EASY, LOLLA. I DIDN'T KNOW SOON AS I SAW THE WAY YOU LOOKED AT HER.
YOU'RE RIGHT. I'M NOT FROM AROUND HERE. I HAD A RENDEZVOUS, BUT NO ONE SHOWED UP.
HA...
I HAVE TO GO BACK TONIGHT AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK. BUT I HAVEN'T SLEPT. I WAS LOOKING FOR A HOTEL BEFORE I HAPPENED UPON THIS PLACE.
COME TO MY HOUSE.
LOLLA IS VERY LOVELY...

WILL YOU GO BACK AND SEE HER THIS EVENING?
SHE DANCES EVERY NIGHT?
YES, EVERY NIGHT, STARTING AT TEN O'CLOCK AND GOING ON 'TIL MORNING.
NO. I'M AFRAID I WON'T BE ABLE TO. I HAVE A MEETING AT ELEVEN. MAYBE I'LL COME AFTERWARDS... IF I'M STOOD UP AGAIN.
YOU KNOW NO ONE IS GOING TO SHOW UP... SO WHY BOTHER GOING?
DO WHAT YOU WANT.. BUT BE CAREFUL!
CAREFUL? OF WHAT?
NOTHING. JUST BE CAREFUL!
CHUC
LET'S SLEEP NOW!

TO BE CONTINUED...

CHAIN MAIL

Dear *HM*:

I'd like to do my part to contribute sanity and balance to the "Chain Mail" pages. *(Ha! Fat chance.—ls)* First of all, these constant references to the alleged "decline and fall of *HM*," or how the first two years were vastly superior to today's edition, etc., are complete and utter hogwash! If anything, y'all are bendin' over backward to maintain a very reliable and consistently high standard of comicbooking. There continue to appear the same kinds of stuff on the same levels of quality.

Secondly, Lou Stathis's work is excellent and also necessary: if the readers of *HM* become too desperately unhip, the range and scope of the contributions selected might become boring; so we all need to be more aware of what's happening in pop culture (of which *HM* is a fine American example).

Re: "Rock Opera." Rod Kierkegaard, Jr. is a true genius, and "Rock Opera" is the quintessence of everything *MAD* Magazine was ever about—the soul of American satire manifested in an acid trip/dreamworld/Alice in Wonderland type of reality (which is, if not the most balanced, still a powerfully real aspect of our existence).

And please print something by Paul Kirchner besides "The Bus." Get Matt Howarth to do something besides the Post Bros. and Nash the Slash, preferably with Julian Kernes, and John Farwell, all great talents. *(Matt has been churning out books at an alarming rate from his studio in Bugtown; Send some money to P.O. Box 804, Langhorne, PA 19094 for a catalog and update—his Residents book,* The Comix of Two Cities *is a classic. End of commercial.—ls)* *HM* is surely one of the best comic books printed in America; long life to it.

Patrick Devine
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear *HM*:

Yes, and I've got nearly every issue of *HM*, too (wank wank) *(So* that's *what all you guys out there do with this magazine.—ls)*, BUT—although this magazine has excellent artwork and thought-provoking speculative stories, I must complain about some of the self-indulgent bullshit that one must tolerate in between these pages. Example: must Lou Stathis insist on sniffing glue before he sets out to write his articles? *(Wrong—that's Carbona, dangle-dork. Glue hasn't done anything for me since the fifth grade.—ls)* If his is supposed to be new-wave journalism, I'm sorry, but I'm just flat out making sense of it. Stathis is like a madman having a shit—he's all over the place. Suggestion: put a gag on it, Lou, *(And maybe a little dab of ether?—ls)* and write something sensible!

Larry Bitmore
Stanmore, Australia

Dear *HM*:

I think the promise *HM* made to me was not completely fulfilled. When I first found out about your magazine, it promised to take me to a world of fantasy—it might have showed me some of this world, but it didn't make me a part of it. I am black and female, and I have never seen any of your beautiful and artistic stories include any black female characters. I know it's not that you are unable to draw black, because you've had a few black male characters, and I hope you're not afraid to include black women out of concern that your readers might object. *(Not at all,—ls)* There's no way for me to tell how many of your readers are black, but I'm sure not all the whites would object.

Valerie Wilson
New York, N.Y.

You're right, of course, but I think the absence of good black female characters from these pages is only partly our fault. Basically, we print the best of what we're offered—rarely do we assign things to artists. Most artists— even those who do fantasy —are bound by what they know, and choose their subjects accordingly (so while they're great with exotic alien life, the heroes are most often white male heterosexuals). I think we should start nudging some of these guys to think in a broader racial/sexual spectrum—ls

Dear Metallics:

I've got an idea: why don't you guys publish a separate sex mag, with features by Corben, Crepax, Prichard, and other artists? Jeff Jones, Berni Wrightson, Vaughn Bodé, Bob Aull, and Nick Cuti all used stuff to do stuff for *Swank* and other skin mags with this kind of slant to their features. You might even sell more copies of it than *HM*. If you don't want to go into the sex field (present critics of the magazine notwithstanding), how about a sister/brother magazine just like *HM*? I'm sure you could get enough high class material to fill it. As it stands now, I have to wait 28 to 29 whole days between my *Metal* fixes (your competitors just don't fill the bill).

Alex Duran
Manchester, Conn.

The idea of putting out another magazine is one that comes up periodically, though I don't know that anyone's ever suggested a sex magazine before. It might not be a bad idea.—ls

Dear ls:

A question like "What's Wrong With Comics?" locks all answers into the category; what came first, the chicken or the egg? But what you're really asking is: "Where's the Roast Beef?" *(Indeed.—ls)* Comics are secure, but the comic world is not. The people holding our interest are the people who left that world to re-evaluate their talent. The Renaissance you ask for had best not concentrate on changing the way comics are, but be oblivious to the system in general. Thanks to the system there is no prestige in comic escapism, no titillation or wonder that is consistent, long-running, or easily accessible.

Steve Macasek
Northfield Center, Ohio

Dear Sirs and Madam:

We don't see many of the new comics up here, so we really can't say what's wrong with them. We often ask newcomers about the current condition of the graphic story medium, but those who *will* talk have very little good to report. The horror stories Gene Day told us when he arrived here in heaven were *very* hard to believe. Subsequent research into the matter has uncovered frightening facts! You just simply would not believe how many artists' and writers' brains are up here, while their bodies are still working on Earth. (No lie—remember, where *we* are there is *only* truth.)

So, it appears to us that there is actually very little wrong with comics today. They are, after all, just folded piles of paper, they're incapable of malice or goodness. The people who do them, though, are going to have a lot to answer for when they try to join us up here.

Windsor McCay

P.S. And sending us Karen Carpenter was cruel and unnatural harassment! If you'll take her back, we'll arrange for Harvey Kurtzman to live until he's 400.

To Lou Stathis:

What's wrong with comics, eh? I'll tell you what's by God wrong with 'em! They totally lack their once powerful spiritual essence! High finances, rampant capitalism has sucked the spirit out of the comics industry *and* the artists. First off, all the new "up and coming" artists want to be stars before they have any real experience. With the two ideals of fame and fortune at work in the industry, where is there room for creativity? Everyone wants to be rich. The comics I was brought up on were done by a few highly skilled, highly motivated individuals who wanted to show through the comics medium the various aspects of human-ness. Man's fears, desires, nightmares, emotions, fantasies, and the realities of the inner humanscape were startlingly portrayed by the old EC-type comics. These artists weren't hoping to get rich, they were hoping to work! They used their own minds and not other people's. Capitalism is almost the perfect dictator. Using money to tempt people into doing just what the capitalist wants them to do is wrong, but it's done all the time. Spirit can't be bought! That's why comics are so tacky and trash-oriented. You can buy images, you can buy a person to produce images, but you can't buy experience turned into creativity by a brilliant artist. When the brilliant artists get uppity, when they ask to receive their just due, the financier says, "Screw you, bub, we'll just buy something else!" Comics will die until a real visionary capitalist steps forward. Any takers?

D. T. Pudelwitts
Tucumcari, N.M.

©LYNCH

Cheerleader for Change

The Timothy Leary Interview

by Michael Simmons

In 1960, Aldous Huxley advised him to be a "cheerleader for evolution." In the sixties, millions took his message to "turn on, tune in, and drop out," thereby making him, in the eyes of the public and media, one of the major philosopher/kings of the hippies. Others have labeled him a shuckster, a P. T. Barnum of the circus of the mind. For almost ten years he was hounded by innumerable law enforcement agencies. Today he is a free man with an incredible tale to tell.

That tale is told in *Flashbacks* (J. P. Tarcher), Timothy Leary's autobiography. Leary crams as many experiences as he can into 397 pages. From the night of his conception to the present, Leary's book reads like an epic in terms of the width, scope, and variety of his adventures. He was a rebellious kid, but a brilliant student. He became a highly respected psychologist and won an appointment to Harvard. While there, he discovered the mind-altering power of drugs. This changed his life. He got booted out of Harvard and went on to promote the psychedelic revolution with the fervor of Mohammed selling Hadacol from the back of a medicine show wagon: only this time, the magic elixir worked. Predictably, the authorities pursued him and he ended up in the pokey. Once he made a daring escape, aided by the Weatherloonies. He ended up in Algeria with Eldridge Cleaver and the Black Panthers, who soon afterwards put him under house arrest for being "counter-revolutionary." He got out of that bind but was later recaptured in Afghanistan and sent back to the States. After a few more years of incarceration, he was released, some claim because he snitched. He denies it, claiming he only told the FBI names and places they already knew. Recently, he's been on the lecture circuit with Gordon Liddy, famed Watergate burglar/bungler. As an Assistant DA of Dutchess County in New York State, Liddy busted Leary at his infamous Millbrook estate in 1967.

Leary and I met at his publicist's office in New York. I got sandwiched between Jane Pauley and *Time*. Therefore, the interview was a little rushed, but we were able to touch on some of the more fascinating topics; especially his friendship with Mary Pinchot Meyer, the slain alleged mistress of John F. Kennedy.

He's an unflagging self-promoter. He must have mentioned the title *Flashbacks* twenty-five times in forty-five minutes. Overall, I found him to be a vibrant, charming man. He's sixty-two, but he has the energy and enthusiasm of a wild-eyed kid. The man is a dedicated scientist with a sincere desire for radical, yet, peaceful change. He's affected everyone's life, whether they know it or not. I told him he was a very *American* hero, with all that that implies. He laughed and agreed, waving animatedly, ". . . thumbing your nose at the establishment and heading for the frontier . . ." You haven't heard the last of Tim Leary.

—Michael Simmons

Illustration by Alan Lynch

"I'm a positive paranoic. I think we're surrounded by a conspiracy of blessing and grace."

HM: Have any of the Harvard people responsible for your expulsion been in touch with you in the last five years or so?

TL: Amusingly enough, the last week of May was the twentieth anniversary of the canning of Richard Alpert [Baba Ram Dass] and myself. We were invited back, not by the university, but by the students, who hired Memorial Hall, which is the sacrosanct temple. David McClelland, the chairman of the department who fired us, chaired the meeting, moderated, and welcomed us back with affection. The whole thing was sold out. Hundreds of students milling around in the rain outside couldn't get in. It was a great reconciliation and return.

HM: Was there an explanation given or an apology made for the expulsion?

TL: No. They said it was part of the times and that we were ahead of our time.

HM: How much evidence was there that the CIA was behind your getting canned?

TL: Well, Herbert Kelman, the guy in the psychology department, wasn't paid by the CIA to go out and lynch Alpert and Leary. It's not that blatant. He was getting government grants and research funding and being sent to different countries. Instinctively, he knew that it was part of the deal to go after us. The cover turned on him, and it was revealed that he was getting funding from MK-ULTRA, the same branch of the CIA that was funding the horrible LSD studies that began in the fifties. Dr. Max Rinkel, another adversary of mine, was very active in paying Harvard students twenty-five dollars to take a drug they didn't know anything about, which of course is the worst way to have it happen. It's a credit to the students and a credit to the human brain that most of them had a good time and continued to experiment when they found out what it was.

HM: Aside from competition with the CIA, it seems like there was a certain amount of professional jealousy.

TL: Most professors are there for tenure. They're part of the establishment, they want a nice comfortable life, and they don't want to rock the boat. In psychology, it's a disgrace that in 1983 they're still using outmoded personality tests that didn't work twenty or thirty years ago. But people have an investment in these techniques. The history of science is the history of the experts and authorities of one generation trying everything to stop the advances of the next generation. Anyone of the great breakthrough scientists have been anathematized or ostracized. I have a little section in *Flashbacks* about this man Semmelweis, an old doctor in Vienna who introduced antisepsis. Doctors should wash their hands before they touch a patient. Well, that was an insult. They took it as an affront to their dignity.

HM: Surgeons are supposed to have dirty hands.

TL: Well, yeah, surgeons are supposed to have bloody hands to assume that they're doing their job. It took a generation for Lister to come along and say that it's all right.

HM: You tell the story in *Flashbacks* of Mary Pinchot Meyer and her plan to turn the wives and girlfriends of powerful men onto LSD, her affair with JFK, and her mysterious murder. This seems to be the most controversial story in the book.

TL: Well, I thought the fact that Cary Grant was the first great LSD advocate would be a shocker.

HM: That's been revealed before.

TL: Well, Jane Pauley hadn't heard of it. (laughs)

HM: Did she mention ever having experimented to you?

TL: No, no.

HM: About Mary Pinchot Meyer . . . .

TL: The Mary Pinchot Meyer issue is going to become very controversial in the next six months. This is the twentieth anniversary of Kennedy's death. There are two television documentaries about his personal life; many unknown facts are going to be brought up to flesh out the myth of JFK. You're going to hear a lot about Mary Pinchot Meyer, the last great love of his life. It's interesting that most people will have heard about it first in my book. That's the reason I emphasized her because she's an unsung heroine. Why was she assassinated? Why was it covered up? And why was her relationship with Kennedy and the story of her bringing drugs into the White House covered up for the last twenty years? You're going to hear a lot about it; of course, you read about it for the first time in *Flashbacks*.

HM: In the early sixties, Ms. Meyer came to you at Harvard and warned you not to go over your head. She said there were very important people who wanted to see your LSD experiments, which were legal at the time, come to an end. How deep were her ties with the intelligence community?

TL: She had been married for many years to Cord Meyer. There are a lot of reasons to believe that he is Mr. CIA—Mr. Chips of the CIA. He was a young kid when the organization was started. He's still, even though he's retired, the leading CIA spokesman. And of course, being the gray-haired bureaucrat, the last thing he wants in the world is any publicity. Cord, Mary, Kennedy—the whole thing is more exciting than a James Bond story. And then the fact that James Angleton, who was the CIA's dirty tricks specialist, went to Mary's apartment, took her diary, and then made no comment about what he did with it, well, we're talking about history. It's important to all of us to find out. I'm not a conspiracy buff. I'm a positive paranoic. I think we're surrounded by a conspiracy of blessing and grace. I'm not a Kennedy assassination buff either. But obviously there are questions and we get a little uneasy when we feel that people are covering up.

HM: Have you made any attempt to get in touch with Cord Meyer?

TL: No. I'm going to, the next book I write. I'm going to take up some of these mysteries. When I wrote *Flashbacks*, I had over 2,000 pages. They were cut down to about 500. It's like a movie you shoot, then edit. We had to edit out three or four good stories.

HM: Flashbacks Two?

TL: Yeah, I'm thinking of calling my next book Fastforwords. I'd pick up some of the threads of *Flashbacks* and bring them up to date. *Flashbacks* was the first time I sat down and really tried to explain to the American people what I saw going on in the sixties. I think it's the first definitive book on the sixties. There's a lot to be said about that wonderful time and the wonderful things that are going to come from it.

HM: Charles Manson was in the cell next to you in Folsom Prison. Did you and Manson ever discuss imprinting or his misuse of imprinting? [According to Leary, imprinting is "a form of permanent learning, assimilated in one shot" through drugs or other methods. In other words, reprogramming the brain.]

TL: Number one: Manson spent seventeen of his first thirty-three years or so in jail or reform school. He's a perfect product of the American justice system. He was a totally institutionalized con. He's basically happy in prison. He can deal with life behind bars. Number two: he was released from prison at the height of the sixties when everything was loose and open and vulnerable. He brought with him that prison philosophy of toughness and violence, and his script was the Bible. The classic example of someone who reads the Bible and goes out and kills because "the good book told me to do it." When I talked to him, he was quoting the Bible, the Book of Revelations, which he said was justification for what he did. Number three: like most convicts, like most human beings, Manson doesn't listen. So, I had many conversations with him from cell to cell but he was not really ready to listen. I was in no position to give him a lecture and

the poor guy—and I say poor guy very precisely. I say poor Nixon, poor Agnew, poor Manson, poor Teddy Kennedy—the poor guy is going to spend the rest of his life totally isolated. He's a small man.

HM: In stature?

TL: Yeah, and that's tough in prison. He doesn't have the privilege of going out on the main line, getting out in the sun and playing softball or checkers, because they'll beat up on him. I did ask him if a psychiatrist had ever come and asked him how he did it. He did perform an incredible feat of mass hypnosis which was enduring. Five years later, the people he brainwashed were still gung ho for him. He was like the Ayatollah Khomeini, getting those young Iranians to die for the cause. If we learn from these people, we can prevent that kind of brainwashing from happening. Basically my work is to teach people how to brainwash themselves. And if you do that, you're not vulnerable to some guy with a Bible or an Ayatollah Khomeini or Jim Jones or Manson or Reagan.

HM: Manson was a negative affirmation, but an affirmation nonetheless of imprinting and drugs.

TL: Exactly. The brain is a network of computers. If you know how to access the brain using drugs or horrible forms of hypnosis, you can program anything. The solution is not to ban drugs or brainwashing, because you can't. The solution in a democratic, intelligent society of free people, is to teach everyone to recognize brainwashing. How to be alert to it. How not to let them do it to you. How to wash your own brain. (laughs) How to take charge yourself. How to use your own head.

HM: When you sought political exile in Algeria, you stayed with the Black Panthers as their guest, then their prisoner. You mentioned that you've seen Eldridge several times afterwards. You were in the San Diego Federal Prison with him.

TL: Yeah. When he came back from Paris and the tables were turned, I was in a very tough maximum ward and the captain came up to me and said, 'Listen, if we put Cleaver in there, will you guarantee you'll protect him?' That's how prisons work, the prisoners run a prison, and the guards have to be careful not to put someone in a cell block where trouble is going to be caused. So, I had to put my reputation on the line and say, 'Yeah, I'll protect Eldridge.' There were some Mafia people there and they didn't like blacks.

HM: Especially smart blacks.

TL: And tough ones. So Eldridge and I ended up as a two-man basketball team, playing two Mafioso sharpies who were very good at shaving points. (laughs)

HM: What a team! Tim Leary and Eldridge Cleaver!

TL: Yeah. So we've had our good times. I've seen Eldridge many times since then, breezing around. He's now a born-again Christian and a Moonie, and he's very right-wing, gung ho, and militaristic. He's always been that way.

HM: Has he ever expressed any regrets about your time in Algeria?

TL: Yeah. When he first came into the prison and joined me, *Oui* came out with an interview he had given in Paris, about six months before, in which he was pulling that same old line, 'Leary's brain damaged, Leary's brain fried.' and I said, 'Eldridge, what are you doing? I was in Folsom Prison at the time. You were on the Right Bank of Paris having a love affair with the girl friend of the premier. Why did you have to knock me that way?' And he said, 'Well man, that was the party-line at the time, the party-line now is that you're a real intelligent guy and I believe in space migration and I'm behind your idea—that's the party-line.' It's the way Eldridge is.

HM: So the party line now is born-again Christian.

TL: Yeah. When he was learning how to be a Christian, he said, 'Man, this is a tough line. I got to get this language down. You know, I've accepted Jesus Christ as my personal—what is it—savior, right.' (laughs)

HM: It's *all* a party-line.

TL: It is with Liddy, and with Reagan, too. Eldridge is basically an authoritarian person. He's said publicly that he thinks women should be beaten regularly.

HM: Sounds like he needs imprinting.

TL: It's not my job to say who needs what. That's the way Eldridge is and I have deep affection for him. If he walked in the room right now, I would laugh, get up, slap hands, and say, 'What new line have you got Eldridge? Lay it down for us, brother. Whose flag are we saluting right now? Praise the Lord.' (laughs)

HM: Do you feel any bitterness towards those in the government who set out to persecute you? Two roaches—twenty years, arrests in Texas, California, and Upstate New York. How do you feel about it now?

TL: I feel wonderful. See, we won the game! Every one of those men—Nixon, Agnew, Liddy, J. Edgar Hoover—right down the line, ended up disgraced. Right this minute, I'm more influential than any of them are. So, the game is over and we won. Now, if the game is over and you're doing a locker room interview with the victorious quarterback, then you don't feel bitter that they tackled you out of bounds in the first quarter and that time they twisted your knee in the second quarter and that they piled on you in the third quarter. How can I feel bitter? We won the game. The young people and the spirit of the sixties are taking over now. So I feel no bitterness. It was a tough game but I volunteered for it. I believe in the American concept of sportsmanship. We play hard, but after all, we're all Americans and it's a privilege to be an American. There's no other country to live in, and we're competing for the future, and I'm a basically happy, friendly person. I don't carry grudges 'cause you can eat your heart out. That's a way to get ulcers if you brood over things. The future is so much more interesting than the negatives. I think you'll agree *Flashbacks* is a compassionate book. I don't try to run people down. Several people have tried to censor the book, and sometimes people complain mildly about it, because it is very sensitive to write a book about living people. There are at least sixty or seventy people in that book that I write about that are still here. And for many of them, it's their testimony. Their claim to fame in ten, fifteen, twenty years will be that they were mentioned in my book. So I feel very sensitive to the fact that they may be a little touchy. I may see them differently than they see themselves. One guy complained that I called him 'middle-sized.' (laughs) He said, 'Hey man, I'm tall!' I respect that and I tried to present everyone in a kind of heroic, mythic mode. Because we all were playing heroic roles. I tried to present people at their best. I leave some of the warts in, but if I wanted to have written a scandal-ridden, steamy expose, you know, like the *National Enquirer*, I could have presented facts about everyone, including myself, that were—well, we all had our moments of lack of dignity. (laughs)

HM: You've been publicly debating Gordon Liddy. How do you two get along on a social level?

TL: We get along well. He's intelligent. He's got a good sense of humor. It's a cop's sense of humor. He's very articulate. I totally, passionately oppose every one of his ideas. He's an authoritarian/militarist/police/lawyer type with no opens. He's gonna give you that party-line. As far as drugs are concerned, the party-line is you only take a drug that a doctor orders you to take.

HM: But he's an intelligent man. Doesn't he understand what you were trying to achieve with legitimate psychedelic experimentation?

TL: Not at all. He would say the republic was threatened in the 1960's. Riots, black uprisings in seventy-nine cities, 2,000 bombings in the year 1968, on and on. He goes right down the list to the very structure of American society being threatened. He believes we had to stop and we had to play hard ball. Therefore, we had to defeat McGovern and bug the Democratic Party and bust Leary. He will say *about* me, though not to me, 'Oh, Tim is charming, witty, and intelligent. But he influences people in the most diabolical direction and it is my duty as a good right-wing Republican to straighten people out and show that his ideas are terrible.'

HM: But you get along at dinner?

TL: Yeah. He's a good teammate, if you're on a desert island and you couldn't be with a member of the opposite sex. He'd be a good person because he's hardworking, loyal, tough-minded, and he'd back you up in an alley fight. Liddy and I also share one thing in common—of all the public figures in the sixties both of the youth party and the grand old party, of all those who went to prison—we were the only ones that did real hard time and long time. We were the only ones who don't repent. We'd do it all over again. So we share that special sensitivity that long-term convicts have when you're in prison: you can't worry about a person's politics or what their crime was outside. You have to judge them moment to moment. Is this guy gong to stab me in the back? You can trust Liddy under those circumstances. We have that in common.

HM: Why did they keep moving you from jail to jail toward the end of your imprisonment? Was that a form of harrassment?

"I'm very much into video games and computers. It's like drugs in the sixties."

TL: Yeah. They were putting pressure on me as a form of harrassment and also in their mind they felt I was a disruptive influence. For example, when I was in Folsom, I started these mass-action suits against the prison system, so, they broke up our team and moved us all out.

HM: Your plan for prison reform is fascinating.

TL: Well, there's the obvious, logical way of dealing with criminals. Make the criminal pay. So instead of putting a man or woman in prison for five years and let him sit in the sun and plan their capers when they get out—have jobs for them. And I mean constructive jobs, not just leaf-raking, not just license plates. We had contracts from many electronics firms that were ready to set up assembly plants in Folsom and pay the convict minimum union wages. And from those wages, the convict would repay the victim, society—for the cost of the trial, pay taxes, and support his family who are now on welfare. One would be guaranteed like 100 dollars a month so that when he left prison on the basis of his hard work and his disciplined endeavor, he would have paid his debts and he would have, depending on how long he was in prison, maybe a few thousand dollars. Plus, he would be trained in a skill. That proposal, which is so common sensical, is opposed by the labor unions, who are such reactionary forces in American society today, and by right-wing reformers who want criminals to remain criminals. Interestingly enough, the Chief Justice Burger, Nixon's appointee, who is not a liberal, came out with the same plan about a year ago and everyone agreed, 'Oh yeah, we should do that.' But there is so much entrenched bureaucracy, particularly in the law enforcement and corrections bureaus. They just fight change tooth and nail. They don't want criminals to be reformed, because if you do away with crime, the bureaucrats are out of a job.

HM: You mention that when they put you in a cell in Switzerland, you looked up and noticed bars above you and you said that one could easily string a sheet around them and hang oneself. Did you ever consider suicide?

TL: Well, at one point when I was on the run, when I was a fugitive in exile in Algeria and Switzerland and then I was finally kidnapped in Afghanistan, I thought they'd never get me back. I'll die rather than go back to prison. That was rhetoric. No, I never seriously considered suicide. I continually, to the day I was released, thought of escape. And, as I suggest in *Flashbacks*, I had an escape plot going all the time. At one point I was in solitary confinement for four months awaiting trial for my escape, and I had nothing to do sixteen hours a day except pace back and forth, and during that period I had detailed fantasies about how would I escape, would I kill a policeman if he chased me? and how could I raise money in the bus station in Kansas.

HM: Well, you were faced with that at one point and decided not to.

TL: Yeah, I had two guns in the back of a police car and I could have used them.

HM: One fell out of the holster of the—

TL: —FBI agent, but I decided not to use violence because I don't think violence is the solution. When the chips are down, I simply would not kill for my freedom at that moment.

HM: What I want to get into quickly are the two things you are into now—space migration and life extension.

TL: And intelligence increase which is computers and video games. I've just seen *War Games*. The first two days it was out, I saw it twice. That's my movie. It's about intelligent kids who are not getting along with the school system. A Huckleberry Finn and Becky Thatcher who are smart and they figure out how to tap into computers and prevent WWIII from happening. Great anti-war message. That's everything I believe in. Young people working outside the system. Playing wonderful tricks on the system, and eventually pushing us towards peace. I'm very much into video games and computers. It's like drugs in the sixties. I hang around video arcades with my nine-year-old son and my ten and eleven-year-old grandchildren. Just as the young hippies taught me about drugs, they're teaching me about video games. I'm working with a group in California called NLP that's neurolinguistic programming. We're working on video games which will be educational and will teach chemistry, so instead of asteroids coming at you, you'll have protons and electrons and negative particles. Teaching in the future will be on video games, not on static linear textbooks. It all comes under the intelligence increased part of my motto SMIILE.

HM: What's SMIILE?

TL: Space Migration Intelligence Increase Life Extension. The space stuff is happening. The shuttle is now becoming operative. The Russians have pertinent industrial platforms in space. They're doing agricultural research, breeding animals in space. *Life Extension* is one of the best selling books in the last few years.

HM: Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw.

TL: They're wonderful friends of mine.

HM: Do you experiment with vitamins and drugs like hydergine as discussed in *Life Extension*?

TL: No. I have at times, but I don't stick to it regularly. I'm waiting for the real breakthrough in life extension which they say will come in twenty-five years with an inoculation which will stop the aging process. There's another book by a man named Roy Walford, a UCLA professor, called *Maximum Life Span* which is even a better book in someways than Pearson's. It gets into the scientific techniques for extending the given life span. Let me say that I think Pearson and Shaw are wonderful people that deserve great big stars on the front of their book. They touched a tender nerve. The American people want to live a long time and they want to overthrow the religious cults and the pessimistic philosophies that get you in the end. More power to them.

HM: Do you still experiment with psychedelics like LSD and psilocybin.

TL: Yeah. My wife and I still do in the privacy of our own home. We carefully reimprint our nervous system.

HM: You mentioned in *Flashbacks* four drugs that you've been experimenting with lately. What are they?

TL: They're called Adam, XTC, ketamine, and Intellex. Ketamine is described by John Lilly, the wonderful neurologist/philosopher, in his book *The Scientist*. It produces an out-of-the-body experience. It's a very far-out philosophic drug. Adam is a drug developed by Sasha Shulgin at Berkeley who experimented with a large variety of new drugs that are safer and stronger and more precise than the drugs used in the sixties. These are all drugs that activate circuits in your brain and give you an absolutely clear, loving, and prophetic fix on anything that's happening around you. They're really extraordinary, affectionate drugs. Many psychiatrists are using these drugs in treatments. Intellex is a drug which increases intelligence. It has consistently improved scores on intelligence tests. Now I'm using the brand names here because I don't want an LSD problem—people running around trying to get LSD and getting speed instead. But rest assured, there are hundreds of young scientists working on better drugs—stronger drugs that open up new circuits in the brain.

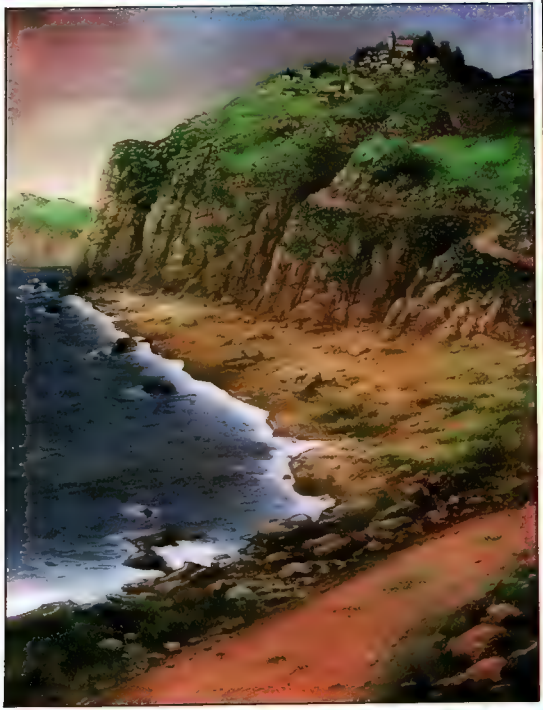
HM: What's XTC?

TL: That's a drug related to Adam. It should be called Empathy. It produces incredible empathy between people. Basically our brains are perfect reality and evolution is working perfectly. If you get clear lenses, you can see. Just be patient! We're getting smarter! Keep your focus clear! It's a great world and there's greatness in all of us. XTC is the kind of drug that puts your brain into this very sharp, clear, wonderful, loving perspective.

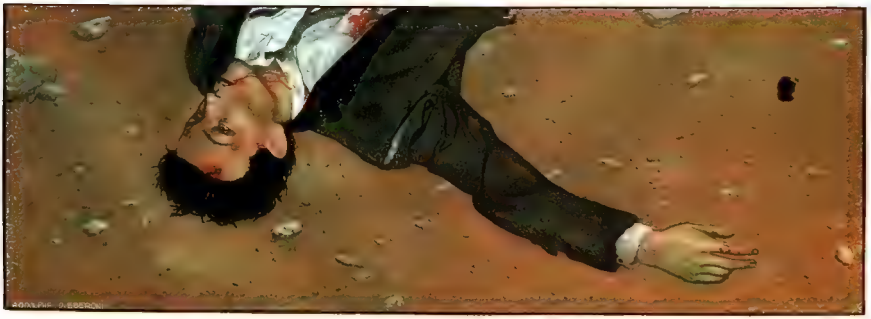
HM: What are your other plans for the future?

TL: I'm working in the field of communications. We're getting into the age of communications. I'm getting into computers. I'm learning how to program video games. I'm learning to expand my brain that way, like acid was in the sixties. And I'm going to be communicating more effectively to a larger audience. I think my book is going to be a bestseller. It's been very well reviewed. I'm going to work on television shows and movies to try and get the message of the sixties out, which is evolution of intelligence. We can do it. I try my best to be a cheerleader for change.

Nimble Fingers



WITH RINGS ON EACH OF HER FINGERS
NO NEED TO HIDE, LITTLE ONE, I SAW YOU COMING
I HAVE A FAVOR TO ASK OF YOU. CAN I COUNT ON YOU?
WELL, YOU SEE, I AM EXPECTING A VISITOR. CAN YOU TELL ME AS SOON AS YOU SEE A RED CAR DRIVE UP THIS WAY?



DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOING TO LEAVE AGAIN, AREN'T YOU? OH, LOOK... YOU'VE LOST YOUR RED RING.
LOST? NO... NO... JUST RETURNED
LITTLE GIRL, WOULD YOU MIND DOING ANOTHER FAVOR FOR ME? I AM EXPECTING A SECOND VISITOR...
..HE'S IN A GREEN CAR

WRITTEN BY RUDOLPHE

ART BY DIDIER EBERONI

HM's STAR DISSECTIONS

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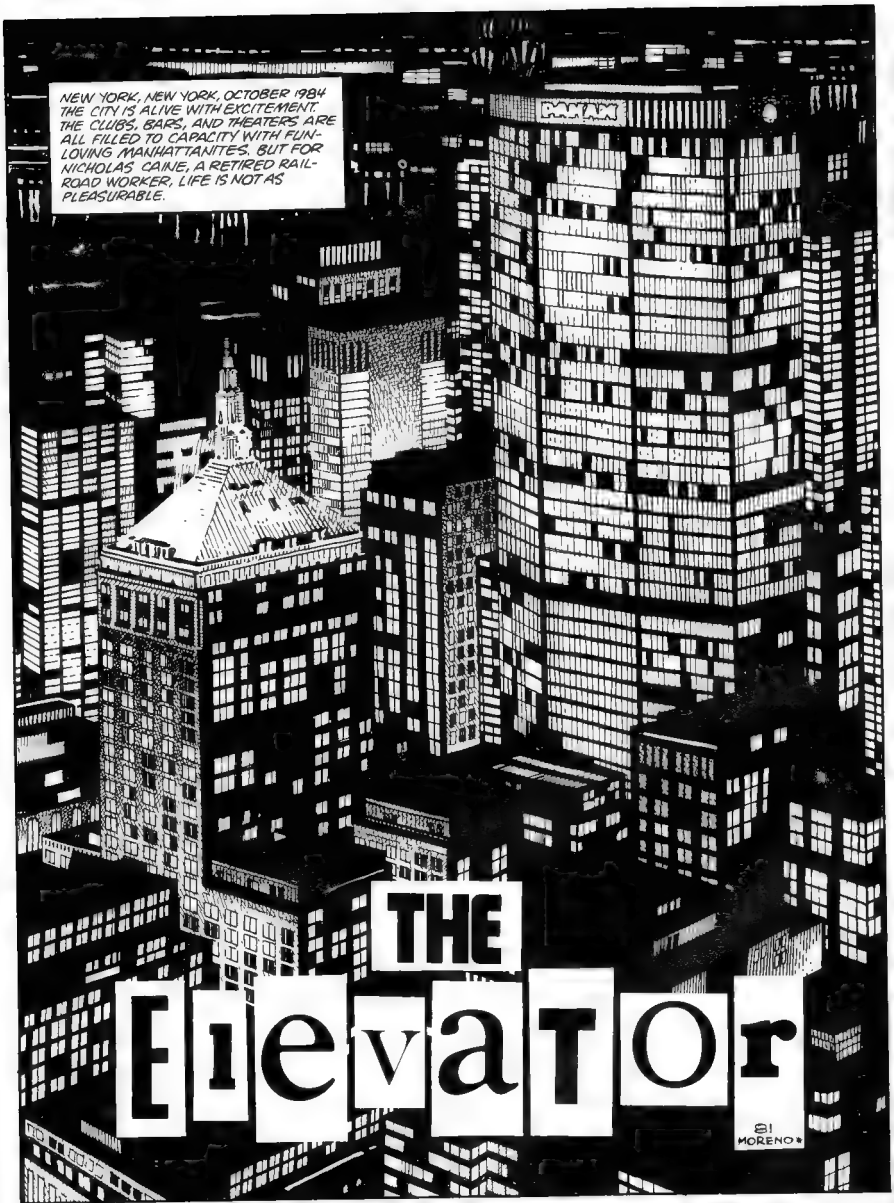
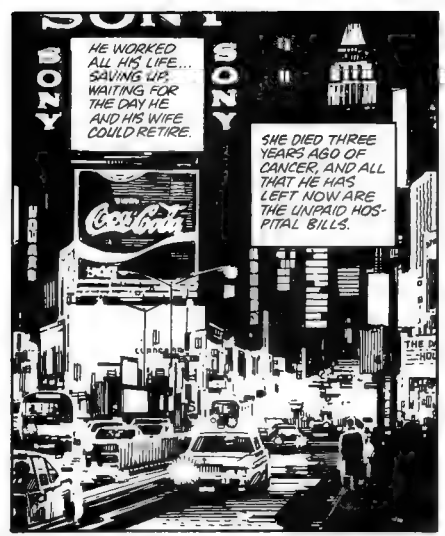
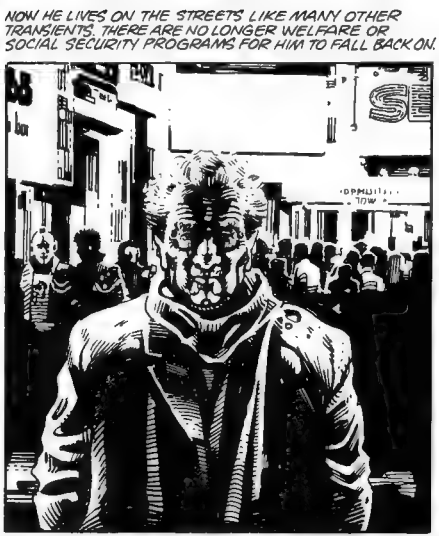
A cover for a French edition of H. G. Wells's *The Invisible Man*. (1977)

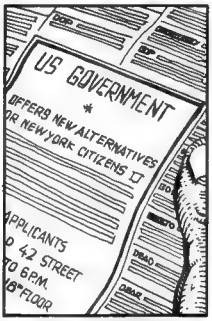

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1984. THE CITY IS ALIVE WITH EXCITEMENT. THE CLUBS, BARS, AND THEATERS ARE ALL FILLED TO CAPACITY WITH FUN-LOVING MANHATTANITES. BUT FOR NICHOLAS CAINE, A RETIRED RAIL-ROAD WORKER, LIFE IS NOT AS PLEASURABLE.
THE
Elevator
BI MORENO


HE WORKED ALL HIS LIFE... SAVING UP, WAITING FOR THE DAY HE AND HIS WIFE COULD RETIRE.
SHE DIED THREE YEARS AGO OF CANCER, AND ALL THAT HE HAS LEFT NOW ARE THE UNPAID HOSPITAL BILLS.
SONY
SONY
Coca-Cola


NOW HE LIVES ON THE STREETS LIKE MANY OTHER TRANSIENTS. THERE ARE NO LONGER WELFARE OR SOCIAL SECURITY PROGRAMS FOR HIM TO FALL BACK ON.

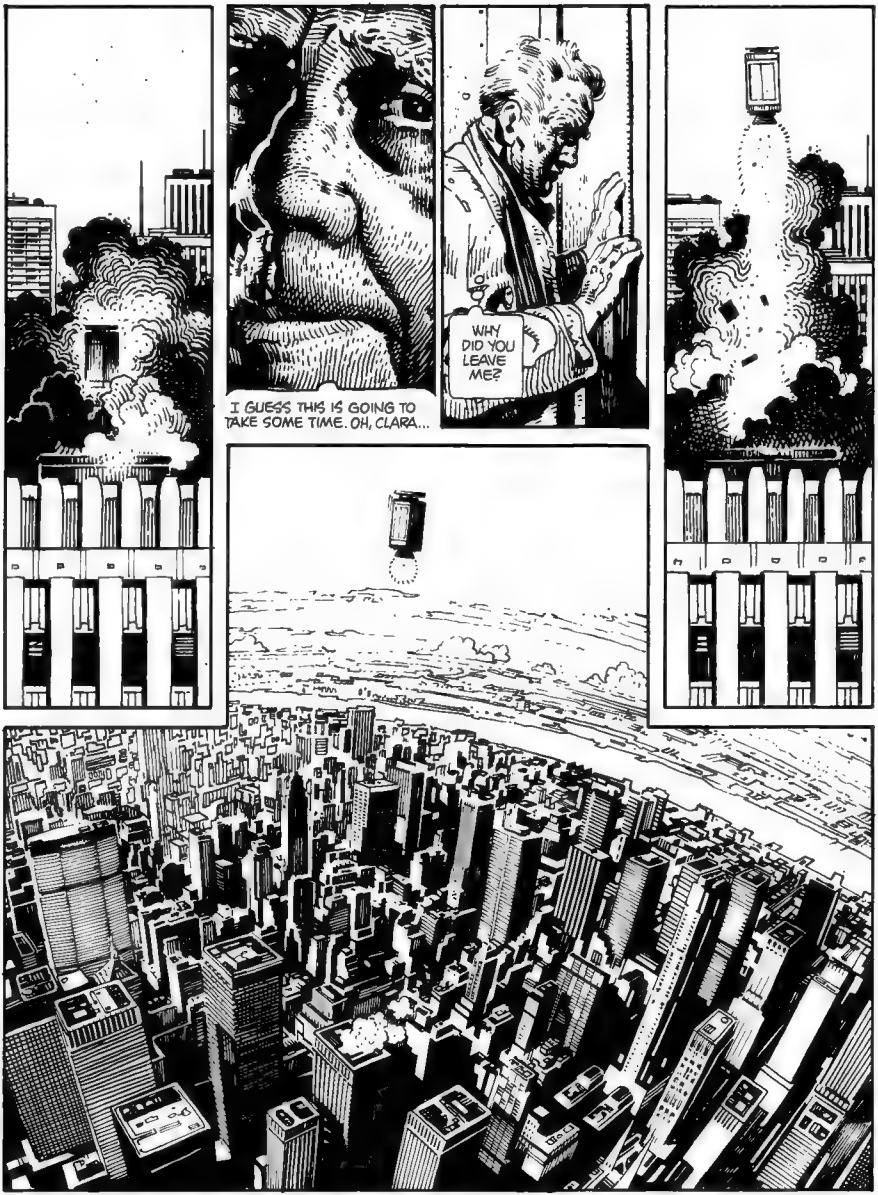
BUT NICHOLAS STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING WHILE RUMMAGING THROUGH A TRASH CAN LOOKING FOR SCRAPS TO EAT.

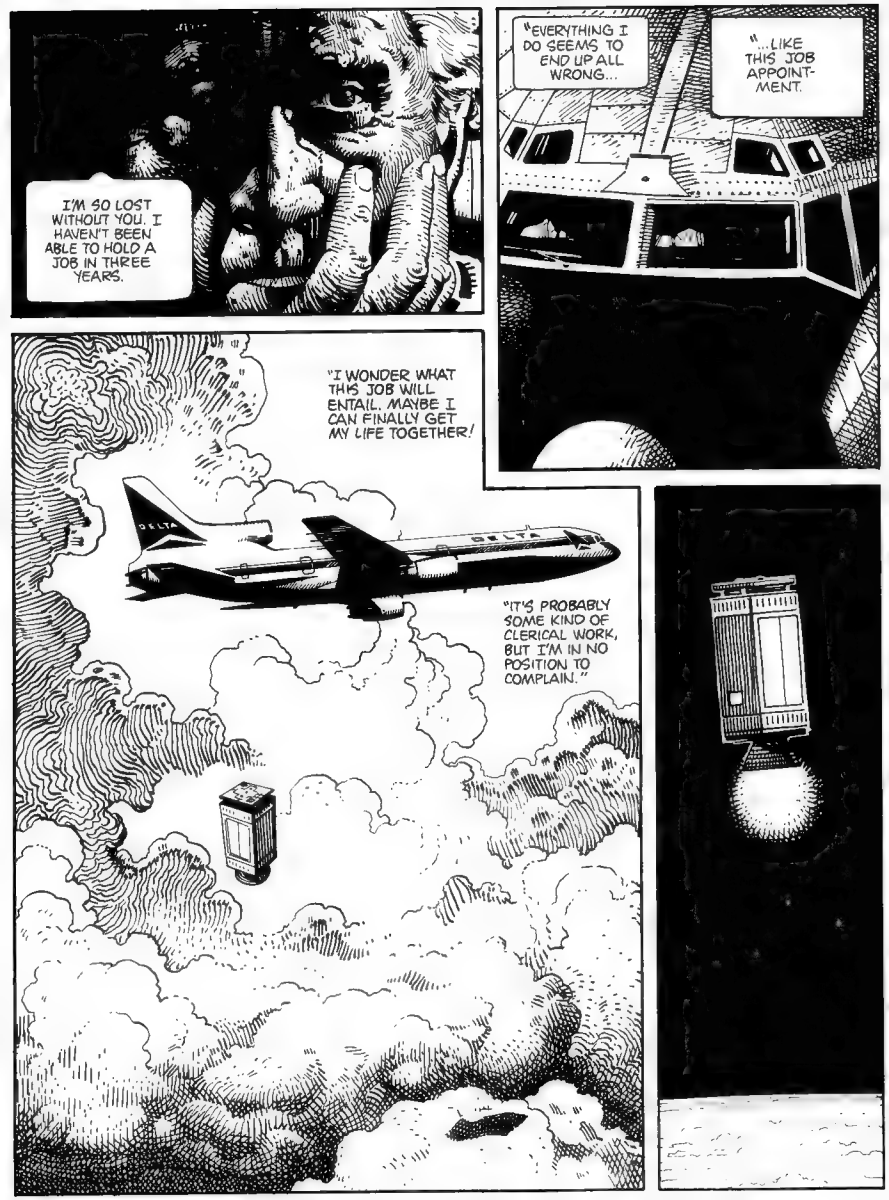
The New York Times
TIMES: OVER-SUMMIT TROOP

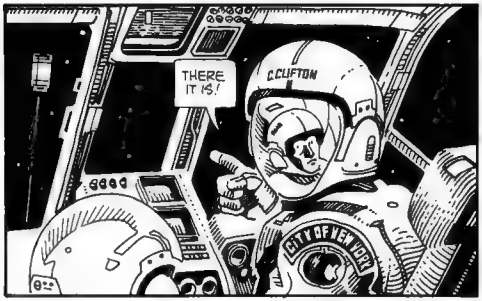

US GOVERNMENT
*
OFFERS NEW ALTERNATIVES FOR NEW YORK CITIZENS

FINALLY A CHANCE TO REGAIN MY SELF-RESPECT. I'D BETTER GO AND SEE THEM TOMORROW MORNING.
The New York Times
Friday, October 2, 1984
BOMBS FOUN

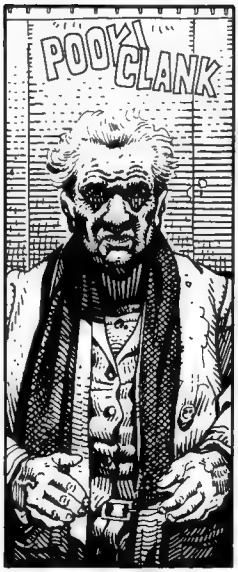
THE SUN ROSE ABOVE THE HUNGOVER CITY. PEOPLE STARTED MOVING AGAIN— OFF TO SCHOOL, OFF TO WORK... AND EVEN NICHOLAS CAINE HAD A DESTINATION THIS MORNING.
BLINK!
I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE.
18!
2 KLIK!
5 BLINK
10
16
16? I THOUGHT I PUSHED 18!
SHIT! WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?
IT STOPPED. I GUESS I HAVE NO CHOICE! I'LL HAVE TO WAIT...
...UNTIL SOMEONE COMES TO FIX THIS OLD CRATE!
BRUUUR!!!
WHA...SOMEONE MUST BE ON THE ROOF OF THE ELEVATOR. FINALLY I'LL GET OUT OF HERE!

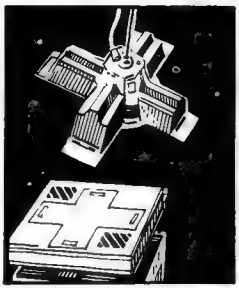

I GUESS THIS IS GOING TO TAKE SOME TIME. OH, CLARA...
WHY DID YOU LEAVE ME?


I'M SO LOST WITHOUT YOU. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO HOLD A JOB IN THREE YEARS.
"EVERYTHING I DO SEEMS TO END UP ALL WRONG...
"...LIKE THIS JOB APPOINT-MENT.
"I WONDER WHAT THIS JOB WILL ENTAIL. MAYBE I CAN FINALLY GET MY LIFE TOGETHER!
DELTA
DELTA
"IT'S PROBABLY SOME KIND OF CLERICAL WORK, BUT I'M IN NO POSITION TO COMPLAIN."

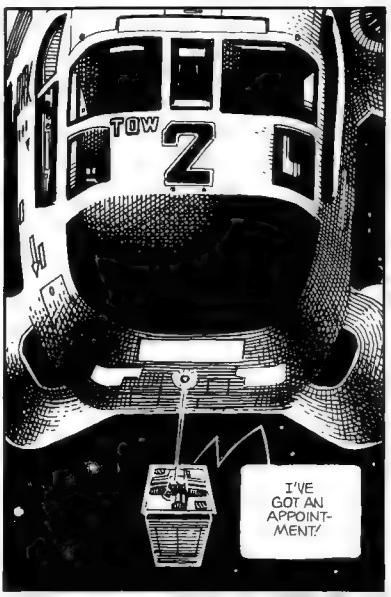

THERE IT IS!
C.CLIFTON
CITY OF NEW YORK

CITY OF NEW YORK
LOWER THE SKYCLAMP
WELL, FINALLY... WE'RE GOING UP AGAIN.

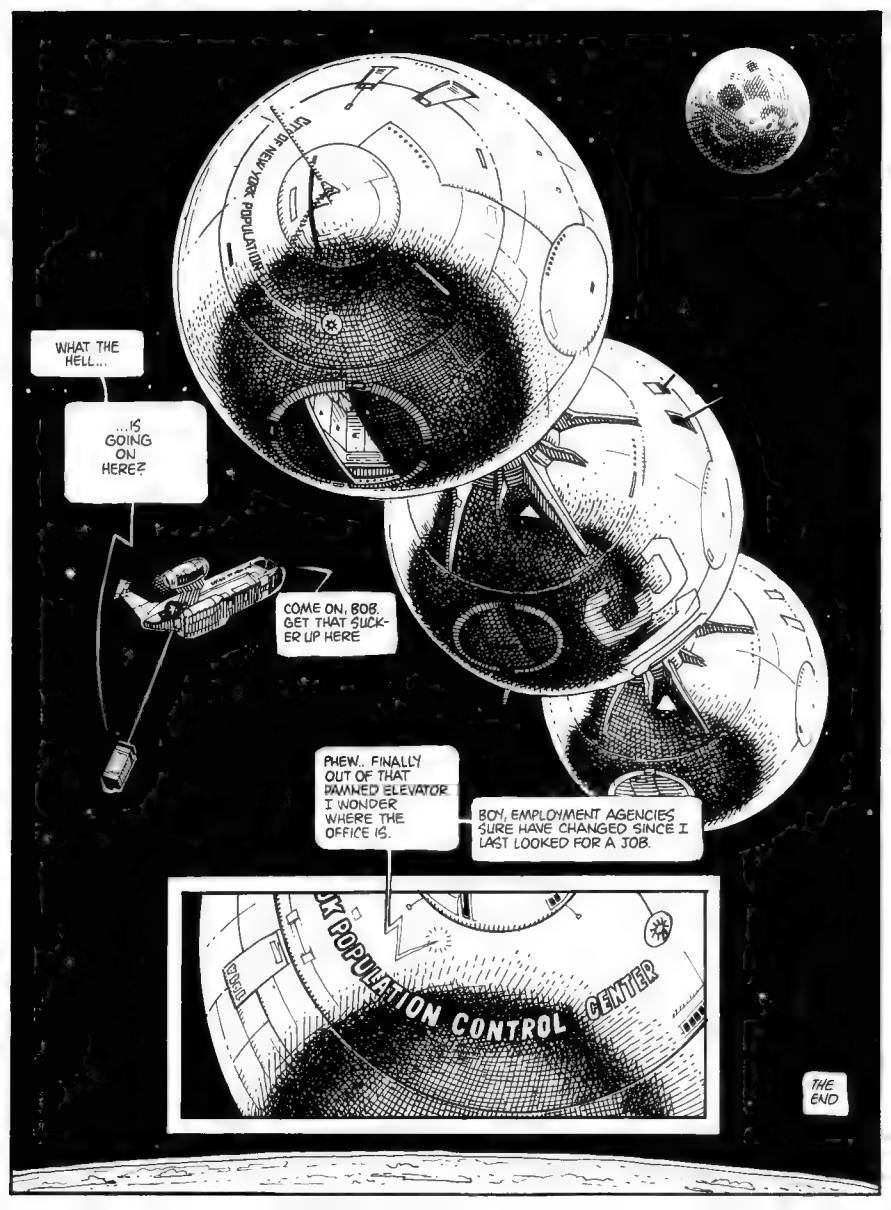

POOK!
CLANK

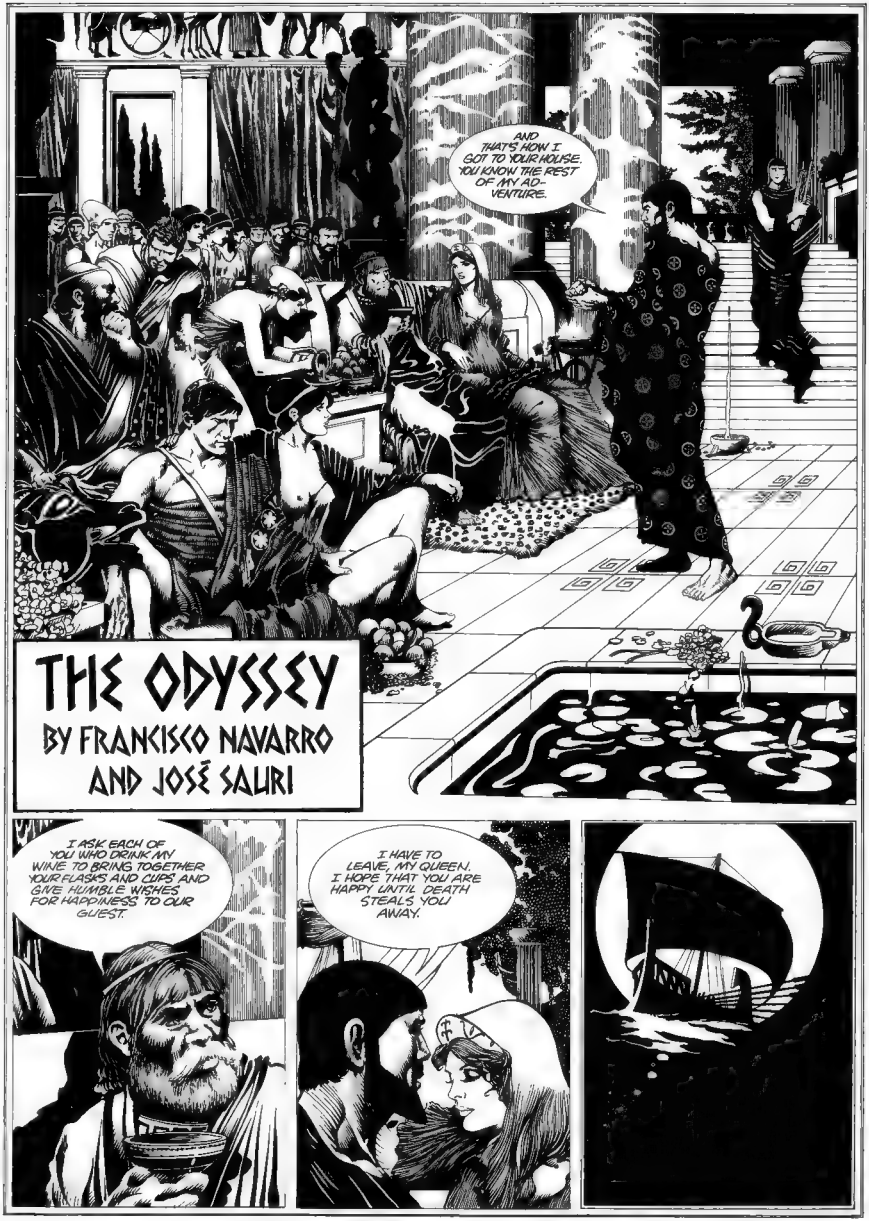


KLANK!


TOW
2
I'VE GOT AN APPOINT-MENT!

LET ME OUT OF HERE!


WHAT THE HELL...
...IS GOING ON HERE?
COME ON, BOB. GET THAT SUCKER UP HERE
PHEW.. FINALLY OUT OF THAT DAMNED ELEVATOR. I WONDER WHERE THE OFFICE IS.
BOY, EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES SURE HAVE CHANGED SINCE I LAST LOOKED FOR A JOB.
POPULATION CONTROL CENTER
THE END


AND THAT'S HOW I GOT TO YOUR HOUSE. YOU KNOW THE REST OF MY ADVENTURE.
THE ODYSSEY
BY FRANCISCO NAVARRO AND JOSÉ SAURI
I ASK EACH OF YOU WHO DRINK MY WINE TO BRING TOGETHER YOUR FLASKS AND CUPS AND GIVE HUMBLE WISHES FOR HAPPINESS TO OUR GUEST.
I HAVE TO LEAVE, MY QUEEN. I HOPE THAT YOU ARE HAPPY UNTIL DEATH STEALS YOU AWAY.

NO. WE'LL RESPECT HIS SLEEP. NOW THAT OUR TASK IS COMPLETED, WE'LL UNLOAD HIS THINGS AND RETURN TO OUR COUNTRY.
SHOULD WE AWAKEN HIM?
IN WHAT COUNTRY OF MORTALS HAVE I FOUND MYSELF? WILL THEY BE ARROGANT AND SAVAGE PEOPLE OR WILL THEY BE HOSPITABLE TO ME?
ARE YOU A FOOL, OR DO YOU COME FROM LANDS FAR AWAY? YOU DON'T KNOW THIS LAND... A REALM RENOWNED AS FAR AWAY AS ILIUM? YOU ARE IN ITHICA, STRANGER!
ITHICA? I BELIEVE I HAVE HEARD OF IT. MAYBE IN CRETE, FROM WHENCE I COME. BUT IT WAS NEVER DESCRIBED THIS WAY.
NOT IN ANY COUNTRY CAN YOU PUT AN END TO THE TALK OF THE PEOPLE. I AM PALLAS ATHENA, THE ONE WHO HAS ALWAYS HELPED AND PROTECTED YOU. I HAVE TO TELL YOU OF CERTAIN TASKS THAT YOU MUST ACCOMPLISH.
THINK NOW ABOUT YOUR LAND.
FOR THREE YEARS NOW, WICKED MEN HAVE BEEN GOVERNING YOUR HOUSE, ASPIRING TO GAIN THE HAND OF YOUR WIFE. YOUR REVENGE MUST FALL ON THEM.

YOUR RICHES WILL BE SAFE HERE WHILE WE STUDY THE BEST WAY OF DEALING WITH THIS PROBLEM.
FIRST, CHANGE YOUR CLOTHING SO THAT NO ONE WILL RECOGNIZE YOU.
I WILL GO TO SPARTA IN SEARCH OF TELEMACHUS, YOUR SON. HE WILL HELP US CONQUER THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN TRYING TO SUBJUGATE THE HOUSE OF ODYSSEUS.
YOU SHOULD VISIT THE GUARDIAN OF YOUR LIVESTOCK AND STAY WITH HIM UNTIL I RETURN WITH TELEMACHUS.
AND AFTER CROSSING THE WILD HILLS AND FORESTS...
QUIET! QUIET! YOU, OLD MAN! ARE YOU CRAZY? DO YOU WANT THESE DOGS TO TEAR YOU TO PIECES?
THE GODS HAVE GIVEN ME REASON ENOUGH TO SUFFER. MUST YOU ADD TO MY AGONIES?
I WEEP FOR MY MASTER, A MAN WHO LEFT FOR ILIUM TO FIGHT AGAINST THE TROJANS FOR THE HONOR OF AGAMEMNON. WHO KNOWS THROUGH WHAT CITIES AND VILLAGES HE WILL BE PASSING—IF HE'S NOT DEAD ALREADY.
EAT SOME PORK, GUEST... THE SLAVES ARE NOT ALLOWED TO TOUCH THESE PIGS. THE PRETENDERS TO THE THRONE OF MY MASTER HAVE EATEN MANY, HOWEVER.
DON'T BE AFRAID, OLD MAN. ODYSSEUS WILL TAKE COMPLETE REVENGE ON THEM WHEN HE RETURNS.
I HOPE THE GODS HEAR YOU, STRANGER.

SOMEONE HAS COME TO SEE YOU, EUMAEUS. SURELY IT MUST BE A FRIEND OR ACQUAINTANCE SINCE THE DOGS AREN'T BARKING
TELEMACHUS! NO ONE THOUGHT YOU WOULD EVER BE SEEN AGAIN!
GO INFORM MY MOTHER THAT I AM RETURNING HOME. BUT, DON'T LET A SINGLE ACHAEAN KNOW MY PLANS. . THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM WHO WANT ME DEAD.
I WILL DO SO, MY MASTER
HOW DIFFERENT YOU SEEM NOW, STRANGER. YOU MUST BE A GOD, ONE OF THOSE WHOM HEAVEN POSSESSES.
I AM NOT A GOD, TELEMACHUS, BUT YOUR FATHER, ODYSSEUS, FOR WHOM ALL OF YOUR PEOPLE HAVE SUFFERED.
IN WHAT SHIP DID THE PEOPLE OF THE SEA BRING YOU?
IT WAS A PHAECIAN SHIP AND ATHENA WANTED ME TO COME TO THIS FARM SO WE COULD PLAN THE DEATHS OF OUR ENEMIES.
I WANT YOU TO RETURN TO THE CITY WHEN DAWN BREAKS. I WILL COME AFTERWARDS WITH EUMAEUS. I DON'T WANT YOU TO REACT TO MY ARRIVAL—EVEN IF THEY MISTREAT ME. WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, TAKE AS MANY WEAPONS AS YOU CAN FIND. KEEP ONLY TWO. ONE FOR YOU, ONE FOR ME.
AND NOW, TELL ME... HOW IS YOUR MOTHER?

TELEMACHUS, MY SON. WHY DID YOU LEAVE? I FORBADE YOU TO LOOK FOR YOUR FATHER. SIT DOWN BY MY SIDE AND TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU HAVE SEEN AND FOUND.
WHY HAVE THE GODS FREED THIS MAN FROM EVIL? WE MUST THINK OF A WAY TO KILL HIM QUICKLY IF HE LIVES, OUR PLANS WILL NEVER COME TO FRUITION!
WHAT OTHER TROUBLE COULD BEFALL US? POSSIBLY THE RETURN OF ODYSSEUS
DON'T WORRY. THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN!
THIS MUST BE ODYSSEUS'S PALACE. IT IS EASY TO RECOGNIZE. IT IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MANSION OF ALL
AND THIS IS ARGUS, MY MASTER'S DOG. HE WAS ONCE A SWIFT AND LIVELY PUP. BUT NOW THAT MY MASTER HAS GONE, NO ONE HAS TAKEN CARE OF HIM.
LET'S GO AT ONCE.

TAKE THIS, GUEST, AND SHARE IT WITH THE OTHERS. THERE IS NO NEED TO BE ASHAMED.
DOES THIS SEEM FAIR TO YOU?
IT'S NOT IMPORTANT. NO STARVING BEGGAR HAS EVER REFUSED A MEAL OFFERED BY THE LIKES OF YOU.
VAGABONDS AND BEGGARS ARE THE PLAGUE OF BANQUETS. WHY CAN'T THEY LEAVE US TO EAT IN PEACE?
DOG!
GIVE ME SOMETHING, FRIEND. YOU DON'T APPEAR TO BE AN ACHAEAN WRETCH, BUT RATHER A KING AND A CHIEF TO OTHERS. GIVE ME SOME SOMETHING NOW. WHAT YOU EAT DOES NOT BELONG TO YOU, BUT ANOTHER.
IF THERE ARE GODS ANYWHERE, THEN YOU WILL DIE BEFORE YOUR WEDDING DAY.

YOU ARE CRAZY! ONE CAN EASILY SEE HOW MUCH YOU'VE DRUNK. LEAVE IF YOU DON'T CARE FOR WHAT YOU FIND IN MY HOUSE.
HAVE THE SERVANTS WASH THIS MAN SO THAT AMENDS WILL BE MADE TO HIM
BUT YOU... YOU ARE ODYSSEUS. I RECOGNIZE THIS SCAR!
QUIET! NO ONE IN THE HOUSE MUST KNOW THAT I AM HERE. LET ME SLEEP NOW. TOMORROW MAY BE THE DAY DESIGNATED BY THE GODS FOR MY VENGEANCE
YOU ARE HERE, TOO, WANDERING BEGGAR?
YOU HAVE HAD BAD LUCK WITH YOUR GUESTS, TELEMACHUS. YOU COULDN'T SELL HIM FOR A GOOD PRICE AS A SLAVE.
DO NOT INSULT MY GUESTS, ANTINOUS. YOU ARE IN MY HOUSE
I SHALL ARRANGE THE AXES.
I ACCEPT THE PROPOSAL. WE'LL FOLLOW THE SAME ORDER IN WHICH THE WINE IS SERVED.
EVERYTHING IS READY WHEN YOU ARE
ENOUGH! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME NOW THAT YOU'VE EATEN AND DRUNK AS MUCH AS YOU CAN AS PART OF A MARRIAGE CELEBRATION. LET'S PUT AN END TO THIS FARCE.
THIS IS ODYSSEUS'S BOW. IF SOMEONE IS ABLE TO USE IT TO SHOOT AN ARROW THROUGH THE HOLES OF THESE TWELVE AXES, THEN I WILL BE HIS.
YOURS FOR ONLY A LITTLE MORE TIME... MINE WHEN I MARRY YOUR MOTHER.

I CAN'T BELIEVE NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO DO IT!
WHY DON'T YOU GIVE ME THE BOW?
THE GAME IS OVER, FRIENDS! NOW WE HAVE OTHER TARGETS. TO HIT! THE HOUR OF REVENGE IS UPON US!

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE!

The Third Song

God's Tower

by Arno and Jodorowsky

NO! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO MAKE IT!
IT'S NO LONGER A QUESTION OF YOUR PHYSICAL ABILITY. IT'S IN YOUR HEART, ALEF-THAU, IN YOUR HEART!
IF YOU LOOK DEEP ENOUGH, YOU WILL FIND SELF-PERCEPTION IN YOUR HEART. LEARN TO KNOW IT. IT IS YOUR ETHEREAL BODY. AND NOW...
...CONCENTRATE!
19

THERE! YOU'VE SUCCEEDED! IT'S FAN-TASTIC!
YES! NOW I KNOW I CAN DO IT! I EXTERNALIZE MY ARMS AND LEGS. BUT WHAT GOOD WILL IT BE IF I CAN'T EVEN HOLD A KNIFE!
I MUST FIGHT AN ARMY AND I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO!
EXCUSE ME, MASTER HOGL?...
WHAT?
...YES, THE HISTORY OF THE VOULPS WHO HAVE BEEN PERSECUTED AND HUNTED UNTIL OUR INTELLIGENCE WAS HELD CAPTIVE IN THE GOD TOWER. LEGEND TELLS US THAT A GNOME...
EXCUSE ME, BUT MAYBE WE HAVE A SOLUTION. SOON OUR PEOPLE IN THE VALLEY OF THE CRAUE WILL MEET. THEY WILL BE LED BY SHAR-GATH THE GREAT. AND HE SHALL TELL US THE HISTORY...
...WILL BRING BACK THE EYE OF GOLD WHICH IS THE KEY TO OUR INTELLI-GENCE. ALEF-THAU MUST SUCCEED IN ORDER FOR US TO REGAIN OUR DIG-NITY. THANK YOU FOR LISTENING, MASTER.
WE SHALL PRAY FOR ALEF-THAU.
20

AND THE FOLLOWING DAY...
YOU SEE, ALEF-THAU, THIS IS WHERE THE VOULF DOMAIN BEGINS.
LET'S GO FOR A SWIM, SHALL WE?
WE'LL JUMP!
ARGGGG! HELP ME!
WAIT! HE IS OUR ENVOY!
DON'T BE AFRAID!
ARE YOU OKAY, LOUROU-LOU?
?!
21

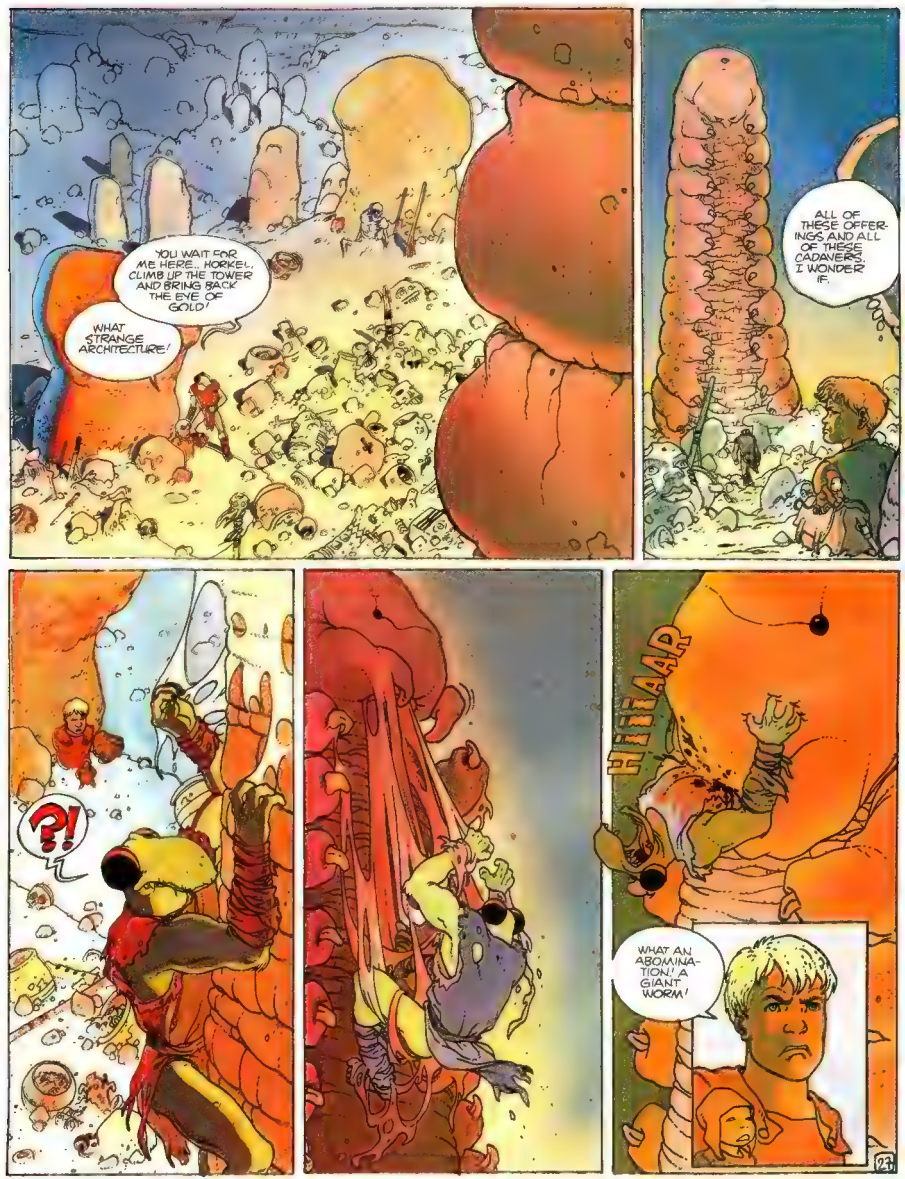
HOWEVER, IN THE DEN OF HER RHAMUS.
PERHAPS YOU HOPE TO RETURN TO YOUR NATIVE SATELLITE ONE DAY—HAHAHA!
WHO KNOWS?
YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT THE INTERNAL FUNCTIONING OF THIS VESSEL CAN'T BE DONE WITHOUT YOU.
AND YOU STILL BELIEVE THAT I AM GOING TO LET YOU GO?
WHATEVER YOU SAY... BUT I STILL AM SURE THAT SOMEONE WILL COME AND RESCUE ME.
MEANWHILE, HOGL FOLLOWS THE PROGRESS OF ALEE-THAU, THANKS TO HIS MAGICAL BONES.
THAT'S IT! HE SUCCEEDED! HE HAS JUST PASSED THE TEST OF FIRE WITHOUT BEING AFRAID. HE IS GOING TO BE RECEIVED BY SHARGATH.
COME CLOSER, LITTLE STICK OF A MAN.
22

YOU ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE IN SEARCH OF THE EYE OF GOLD. THE VOYAGE WILL BE LONG AND DANGEROUS.
BUT, YOU WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY MY THREE BRAVEST VOULPS.
THE OLD SHARGATH HAD BEEN TRUTHFUL. AS THE DAYS WENT BY, THE TREK GREW MORE ARDUOUS.
EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE AGAINST THEM AND ONE NIGHT, WITHOUT ANY WARNING, THE ROOTS BEGAN TO MOVE.

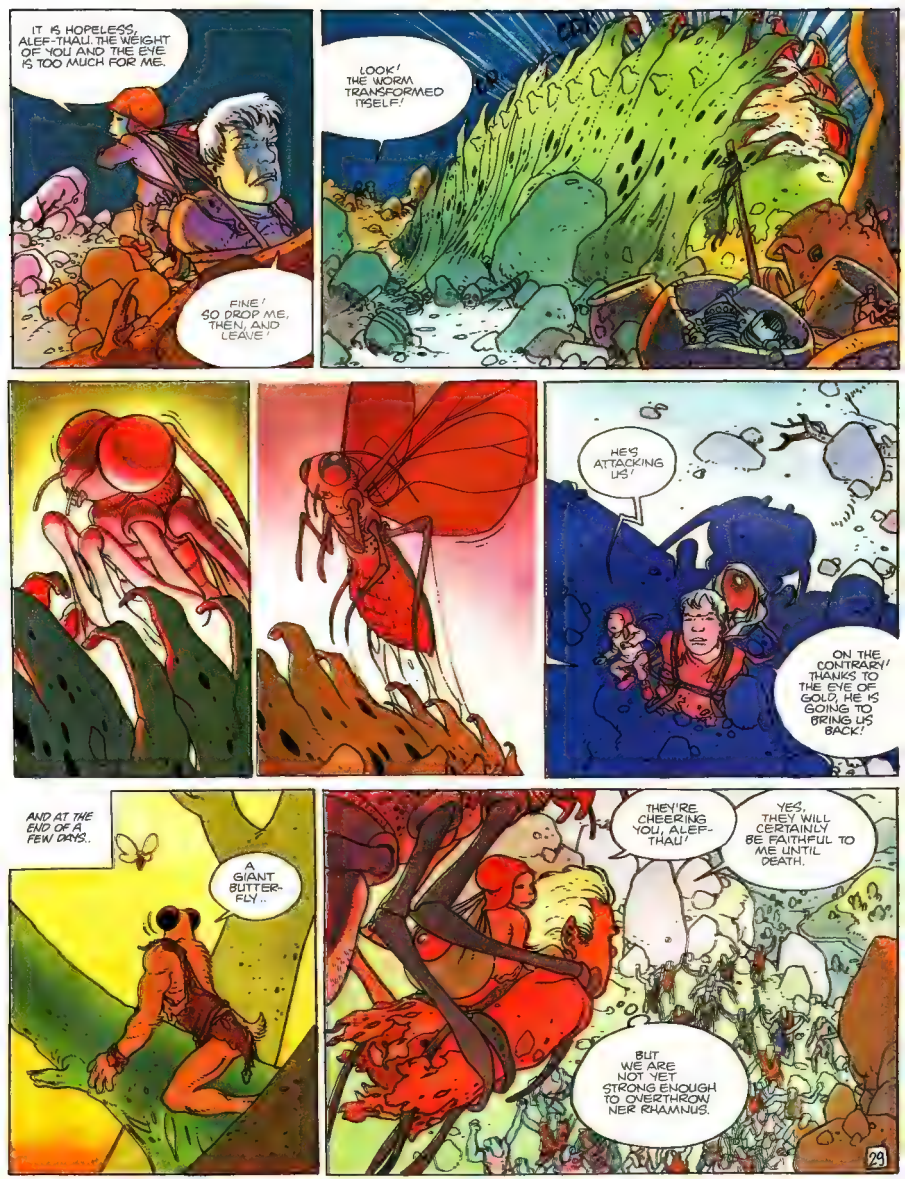
THE AXE, QUICKLY!
KHRK
!!...
ALEF-THAU!
TH-THIS FOREST IS GOING TO SWALLOW US UP!
NO, NO!
I'M COMING!
CHTOK
HIIIS...AR
THE VOULE HAD SACRIFICED HIMSELF FOR ALEF-THAU. IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT THE FOREST SEEMED TO CALM DOWN. TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE PEACE, THE SURVIVORS FLED.
LET'S GET OUT!
AND ON THROUGH AN EN-TANGLED MAZE..
OVER THERE...! LIGHT! WE'RE SAVED!
24

THE VOLCANO! IT'S OUR LAST OBSTACLE ACCORDING TO SHARGATH!
HALFWAY UP, THERE IS A ROAD THAT WILL GET US BACK!
ANOTHER STONE BRIDGE! WE MUST TAKE IT TO GET PAST THE VOLCANO!
KRRRR
?
IT'S ERUPTING!
UNNH!
25

CATCH HIM!
iiiiRR..
KHRAAM
LOOK!
THE TOWER OF GOD!
YEAH, BUT LET'S NOT HANG AROUND!
26


YOU WAIT FOR ME HERE, HORKE! CLIMB UP THE TOWER AND BRING BACK THE EYE OF GOLD!
WHAT STRANGE ARCHITECTURE!
ALL OF THESE OFFERINGS AND ALL OF THESE CADAVERS, I WONDER IF...
?!
HIIIAAR
WHAT AN ABOMINATION! A GIANT WORM!

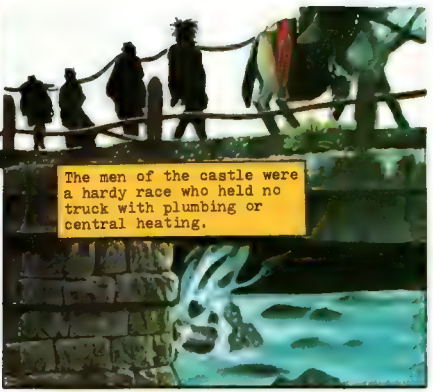
POOR LITTLE CREATURE I AM GIVING YOU ONE CHANCE TO ESCAPE DEATH. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO ANSWER ONE SIMPLE QUESTION:
AND SHOULDN'T I EAT YOU?
!?
YOU CAN'T EAT ME IF I AM YOU.
AND IN A COMBINED BURST OF CONCENTRATION AND ENERGY, ALEF-THAU IS ABLE TO FORM AN ECTOPLASMIC BEING...
...WHICH TAKES THE FORM OF A MONSTER! THE TOWER OF GOD, CONFRONTED WITH THIS MIRROR IMAGE, COLLAPSED.
SKRDD
ALEF-THAU, LOOK!
THE EYE OF GOLD!
BEFORE ALL THE GODS, I HAVE CONQUERED!
28


IT IS HOPELESS, ALEF-THAU. THE WEIGHT OF YOU AND THE EYE IS TOO MUCH FOR ME.
FINE! SO DROP ME, THEN, AND LEAVE!
LOOK! THE WORM TRANSFORMED ITSELF!
HE'S ATTACKING US!
ON THE CONTRARY! THANKS TO THE EYE OF GOLD, HE IS GOING TO BRING US BACK!
AND AT THE END OF A FEW DAYS..
A GIANT BUTTER-FLY..
THEY'RE CHEERING YOU, ALEF-THAU!
YES, THEY WILL CERTAINLY BE FAITHFUL TO ME UNTIL DEATH.
BUT WE ARE NOT YET STRONG ENOUGH TO OVERTHROW NER RHAMNUS.
29

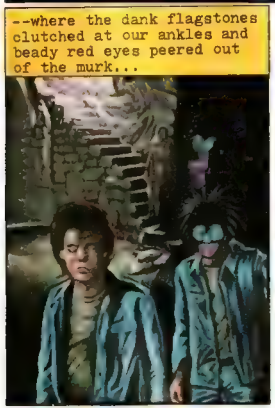
TO BE CONTINUED.

ROCK OPERA
After Marty and I found ourselves in a mystical world of sword and sorcery, we were attacked and captured by the most dreaded and ferocious of creatures--Men...
Oh,alad,alad!
© 1983 ROD KIERKEGAARD, JR.
Caught along with us were Onan the Vegetarian and an Elf-maiden named Pixelle--
Hey,you oversized scumbag--you're--you're denying us our civil rights!
What document or charter exists to assure you--or yon perverse Faerie--of such rights,hell's spawn?
But all protest was halted by the sight which loomed over us from out of the swampfog.
What is it?

It's the lair of Lord Phagsbane-- we're doomed...


The men of the castle were a hardy race who held no truck with plumbing or central heating.

We prisoners were marched straight to the dungeon--


--where the dank flagstones clutched at our ankles and beady red eyes peered out of the murk...

What beauties are these that Lord Phagsbane hath sent down to me?
Who--Who are you?

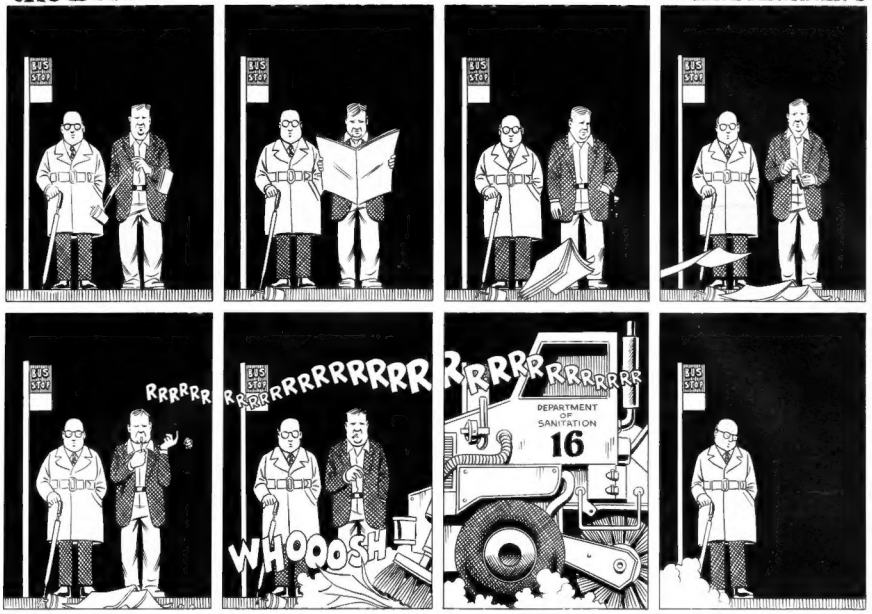
Why,I be the Dungeon-Master, slave.'Tis my duty to assign to you your roles for...The Game!You fine fellows have the aspect of Fighting Men--
Oh,not me!I see myself as a wandering minstrel type,spreading gaiety and--
I'll put thee down as a Cup-Bearer, varlet.
OH NO!Please, anything but that!
SILENCE!You have but these moments before the Call is sounded.
Waste them not,but don these magical (but basically useless) vestments, instead.
Suddenly,an ear-splitting tone rang through our dungeon,and our bodies began to emit a faint glow.
Wow--it really is magic! It's just like D&D!
B&D?That explains these stupid clothes.

Swords were strapped to our sides, and then Marty and I were herded into a gladiatorial cage.
I stepped back--and bumped into the foul-tempered Pixelle.
What are you doing here? I thought you were supposed to be a slave-wench.
I followed you--to help you in The Game.I've sort of got a crush on you.
Me?Why me?I don't even have a real face.
I know.I like that-- I can just fill in the blanks to suit myself.
But even as she spoke,the gate of the cage began to open...

To Be Continued...

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER ©



NEXT ISSUE:

Interview with WILL EISNER!
The return of CAZA!
VALENTINA begins, LOLLA continues, and RANXEROX concludes!

...Don't Get Caught Without Your HEAVY METAL!

Berni Wrightson's Hanover Fiste and his ne'er-do-well accomplice Captain Sternn. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them on the golden screen, now see them coming and going. This durable, four-color cotton T-shirt is a must for the spring season.

The newest edition of HM fantasy wear—our silver, satin-like jacket, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too.

The original HM T-shirt comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. (Get more for your money that way!)

It's all in the name! Each weighty HM bronze belt buckle is 3¼" × 2" and will fit any standard belt.

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